THE Nation

VOLUME 143 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • NOVEMBER 21, 1936 NUMBER 21

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The Shape of Things

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THE SECOND ROOSEVELT HONEYMOON IS ON. The New Dealers and the economic royalists may be confidently expected to lie down together in complete harmony—at least for a time. With dividends zooming, tax rises expressly forbidden, relief costs scheduled for a cut, and the budget about to be balanced, big enterprise is discovering merits and perfections in Mr. Roosevelt hitherto undreamed of by the chambers of commerce and the Liberty League. As for the President, he is reported to be sobered by the huge responsibilities put upon him by the landslide election. Arthur Krock, writing from Washington, is convinced that Mr. Roosevelt considers the emergency over, and in his new mood of normalcy will cold-shoulder those of his advisers who have social-reform hobbies to ride. The President, we are informed, knows the country has given him a blank check, but he has no intention of making it payable to Messrs. Tugwell, Ickes, Hopkins, Lilienthal, et al. If true, these reports should dispel any illusions our wishful thinkers may have had that Mr. Roosevelt will some day lead a Labor Party, or any fears our more cynical friends may have had that his reformism would cut the ground from under the labor forces in politics. If Mr. Roosevelt takes the new "era of good feelings" seriously, he is less realistic than we have thought. He should know that the sweetness and light that now suffuse Wall Street are illusory. The bitterness with which big business and its allies among the corporation lawyers are still fighting the New Deal in the courts is a sign of the gathering storm that is just around the corner.

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A MORNING-AFTER MOOD HAS ALREADY assailed some of our pre-election optimists. Headaches are general, indicating that the brew of campaign promises and high hopes may have been spiked with at least a splash of political wood alcohol. In the field of relief the symptoms are particularly acute. Mr. Hopkins has already "predicted" that by the end of the year 1,000,000 fewer families and individuals will be on the relief rolls of the country. Such remarks must be taken as storm warnings rather than as statistical estimates. And to gauge their real significance it is useful to examine the situation as it emerges in individual localities and projects. In New York City, for example, the WPA has undertaken a hospitals project designed to modernize and enlarge, to clean and paint and repair, a dozen public hospitals which for years

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have been a disgrace to the city and a source of danger and misery to their unfortunate patients and employees. The work has been carried on by a staff of about 5,000 workers. Before the election an unexpected raise was given to all the white-collar employees on the project. After the election 850 workers were ordered dismissed. Neither the needs of the men nor the needs of the project were examined. The workers were simply laid off against their protests and those of the technicians in charge. What has happened on a single project in New York is undoubtedly happening in much more drastic form in other parts of the country. We have no doubt that private industry is absorbing many employable workers; a legitimate drop in the relief rolls is inevitable. But we want to issue a storm warning of our own against wholesale dismissal of workers whose condition since November 3 is unchanged except in one respect—that their votes have been cast and counted.

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WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT TAMPA? TWO WEEKS ago it seemed as if the executive council was trying to find a way of letting the C. I. O. unions back into the fold. At the moment of writing, the two camps seem farther apart than ever, several incidents having occurred to shorten tempers on both sides. A proposal by the C. I. O. that Green and Lewis meet to talk things over dissolved in bitterness when Green said he had no power to lift suspensions and Lewis replied that a conference would therefore be futile. The C. I. O. admitted to its ranks two unions that had been refused industrial charters by the A. F. of L. President Green was summoned by the executive board of the United Mine Workers to appear before it and answer charges of conspiring against the union by aiding in its suspension. In Tampa the pre-convention meetings of the executive council and of various departments of the A. F. of L. have been filled with denunciations of the C. I. O., although it is clear that there is division in the ranks of the A. F. of L. Meanwhile none of the unions in the C. I. O. have sent delegates. The question is whether the diehards at the convention can muster a two-thirds' majority for expulsion. At first glance this would appear to be a simple task. But the C. I. O., with its political and economic implications, has set up a criss-cross of loyalties among the rank and file in all unions which will be reflected in Tampa and which makes the outcome anything but certain.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STATEMENT THAT wage rates should not be tied to the cost of living is interesting for two reasons. It indicates a friendly post-landslide attitude toward the mass-production labor that contributed so much to his victory; at the same time it sets this friendliness in its proper context, namely, the President's general theory that capitalism must be preserved by increasing mass purchasing power. Labor can take much more comfort from the informal opinion of Miss Perkins questioning the right of company-union representatives to sign a contract binding their fellow-workers to accept a wage increase attached to a cost-of-living string with which the employer can snatch it back if living costs fall. In any case the two Administration comments have taken much of the effect out of the gesture of a wage increase with which the steel employers and their spokesmen have attempted to prove that outside unions are superfluous and that John L. Lewis is trying to snare the workers only for his own aggrandizement. Two simple facts, which steel workers as well as steel barons know, have further pricked the bright-colored balloon. While steel wages have been raised 10 per cent, the profits of the steel industry for the first six months of 1936 increased 139 per cent over the same period last year. Steel prices will shortly be raised $2 or $3 a ton, which means that the wage rise will be passed on to the consumer. Big business has signally failed in the attempt to ward off strikes and create anti-union propaganda by insignificant wage increases that could scarcely have been avoided in view of the rising tide of recovery. Unionization, like business, is booming.

*

JOSEPH EASTMAN, OF THE INTERSTATE Commerce Commission, and Thomas Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, discussed railroads at a grand dinner of the Academy of Political Science at the Hotel Astor in New York. Civilities were of course exchanged, but the atmosphere was none the less tense. Mr. Eastman strikes us as being the consummate public servant. He knows more about the railroad industry than the railway magnates themselves. As he stood there telling the assembled grandees of industry that it was possible the system of private ownership of railroads would break down, and that "we would not be embarking on communism" if our government took over the railroad control directly, one felt confidence both in his courage and his objectivity. Mr. Eastman is himself a living proof of his statement that the government could run the railroads "under men of excellent character and capacity and without political corruption." Mr. Lamont resorted to a parade of imaginary horribles, arguing that if the government took over the railroads it could not stop short of taking over the entire transportation system of the country. Private enterprise is torn between concern for its current investments and fear that public operation of railroads would be an entering wedge for further socialization of industry. Meanwhile the automobile industry, as shown by automobile shows reminiscent of the halcyon days, is preparing for a boom year—and thereby furthering the competitive forces that have been cutting under railroad revenue. Even the court decisions upholding the new railroad pick-up and delivery service, which the trucking industry has been fighting, seem but an incident in a continuing struggle.

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THE ATTACK ON SUIYUAN, INNER MONGOLIA, supported by Japan, represents the culmination of years of intrigue in this highly strategic area. The famous Captain Nakamura, whose disappearance in the summer of 1931 was one of the immediate causes of the Japanese coup of September 18 of that year, was believed to be a secret emissary to the Mongols. Since that date at least

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half the territory of Inner Mongolia has been occupied by the Japanese or their allies. Jehol was invaded and incorporated into Manchoukuo in 1933; the Mongols of Chahar appear to have been either intimidated or bought over by Japan. Japanese military missions have been established at the capitals of each of the four Inner Mongolian provinces, and airdromes have been constructed throughout the entire region for the use of Japanese military planes. Despite these evidences of overwhelming force, Fu Tso-yi, Chinese governor of Suiyuan, has vigorously opposed Japanese penetration and is reported to have created a well-equipped army of 60,000 men to resist the threatened invasion of the Japanese-supported troops from Chahar and Manchoukuo. Had the attack occurred a few months ago, the chances are that Nanking would have taken little official notice of it. Today, however, the Suiyuan situation has attracted nation-wide attention, and Chiang Kai-shek, swept along by the rising tide of patriotism, has declared that he is willing to go the limit in defending "China's gateway to the Northwest."

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THE IRON-BOUND CASTE SYSTEM OF INDIA was breached on November 13 when the Maharajah of Travancore announced that hereafter the untouchables in his own state would suffer no restrictions in entering or worshiping in temples controlled by him. Travancore is itself a small and not very important state in southwestern India, but the movement may well spread to other and larger states. There is no reason to believe that the Maharajah's "emancipation proclamation" was inspired by or even will have the approval of the British government in India. Britain has pursued the policy of dividing and ruling in India as in other parts of the Empire, and the caste system, like the favoritism shown the Indian princes at London conferences, has served to emphasize disunity among the Indians rather than to further unity. Gandhi, however, although his activities are no longer a frequent news item—probably because of the rigid censorship imposed by Britain—continues to agitate for his program of unification, of which the abolition of the caste system is a major feature. It is altogether likely that the removal of the restrictions on the untouchables in Travancore is the result of his efforts. If other states follow suit, Britain may yet see not only a casteless India but one united in opposition to imperialist rule.

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THE HONOR PAID TO EUGENE O'NEILL IN the award of the Nobel Prize indicates the passing of a stage in the long struggle of American literature for European recognition. The 1930 award to Sinclair Lewis, portrayer of Babbitt, might have been construed as a backhanded compliment to America—as an official confirmation of the European estimate of our character. England, especially, has always been relatively well disposed toward those writers who were critical of American culture, or who were quaint or uncouth in the way Americans were supposed to be. But both England and France have usually been scornful of any attempt on the part of Americans to bid for a place in the obviously civilized tradition. Mr. O'Neill, on the other hand, is interesting at all only if he is interesting apart from any local peculiarities. His scenes are naturally American, but there is nothing clearer in either his own comments or in the plays themselves than the fact that their real subject is not America but Man. If the Nobel committee has chosen to honor him, it can only be as a writer who has successfully attempted the highest and most difficult of literary tasks. Perhaps it is unfortunate that in this case, as so often in the past, the substantial monetary award amounting this year to some $45,000 should go to a man who is no longer in need of financial assistance. It is too bad that two awards cannot be made instead: one, largely honorary, to established success and another, largely monetary, to struggling merit.

Judge Thacher's Trial and Error

THE utilities have launched their final and crucial judicial bombardment against the Public Utility Act of 1935 and other pertinent legislation. The warriors for the industry include a former Secretary of War, a former Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and a former Solicitor General of the United States. What induced Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Thomas D. Thacher to lend their wits and conscience to the anti-Administration forces before the courts of the country is not included in the voluminous records now accumulating. Suffice it to say, that probably few major issues of the last four years have produced spectacles like those of the Supreme Court in its last October term throwing out a case brought by Mr. Davis, and now of former Judge Thacher apologizing to government attorneys after having charged them with misrepresentations which, if made, could have led to disbarment.

On November 9, the Monday preceding the Thacher incident, the government before the Supreme Court and through Solicitor General Stanley Reed contended that the District Court in the District of Columbia had properly exercised its powers in staying trial of all cases arising out of the holding-company regulatory law except that of the Electric Bond and Share Company. If the stay were set aside, Mr. Reed said, the Department of Justice would be swamped with an intolerable number of cases. This could be avoided, the Solicitor General argued, by allowing the Bond and Share case, which covered the main points at issue thus far, to be settled first.

The following is extracted from a transcript of the proceedings:

> MR. REED: We do not contend that they [the Bond and Share case and other holding-company suits] are identical; but in all these cases you find many questions which are similar. . . .
>
> JUSTICE SUTHERLAND: Then is it your contention, in that situation of affairs, that if the act be held valid it puts an end to these cases; there is nothing left to litigate?

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MR. REED: No, I cannot go so far. I wish it were possible to say that one case would put an end to all the litigation. The government does not take that position. It takes the position that *many of the most important questions will be decided by cases such as the Electric Bond and Share* or any case that goes to the Supreme Court. But certainly there will be further litigation in regard to some features of the act. . . .

Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, supplemented Mr. Reed's argument as follows:

MR. JACKSON: Where counsel and ourselves differ about the merits of the Bond and Share case is that we contend that neither his company [North American Company] nor the Bond and Share Company and other companies which are defendants with it, as unregistered companies, can question the provision of the act which relates only to registered companies. . . . We contend that it is premature in his case or any other case now to question the applicability of the death sentence because they are not registered, and the death sentence can apply only to registered companies; *that the validity of the registration provision must first be determined.*

These statements are plain and unequivocal; yet the following is what Judge Thacher, a former head of the American Bar Association, said when he appeared two days later before Federal Judge Julian W. Mack in New York as counsel for the Bond and Share Company:

MR. THACHER: Now, if the court please, it does seem strange that this great government of ours in the administration of this statute should have represented in other courts and the Supreme Court of the United States only yesterday or the day before that Your Honor, in this case, would finally settle and determine all of the questions affecting all of the companies in this industry, and that then these very same counsel should come into this court and say to Your Honor that nothing can be settled here except the validity of registration.

It will be observed that Judge Thatcher here enlarged Mr. Reed's "many of the most important questions will be decided by cases such as the Electric Bond and Share" to "all of the questions affecting all of the companies in this industry." Furthermore, Mr. Jackson specifically stated to the Supreme Court that "the validity of the registration provision must first be determined," while Judge Thacher tried to give the impression that Mr. Jackson was singing this tune only when he appeared before Judge Mack.

To charge men of the official standing of Mr. Reed and Mr. Jackson with deliberately misleading the Supreme Court on the one hand and the Circuit Court of Appeals on the other is something even the most hard-mouthed corporation lawyer would be careful to avoid unless the stakes were high and the weapons few. When confronted with the record by the government, Judge Thacher apologized on the following morning in court and withdrew his statements. No New York paper except the *World-Telegram* noted the incident, although Judge Thacher blamed the newspapers for his erroneous impressions.

What led so experienced a counsel to rely on sketchy news stories in making charges as serious as this? Viewed as part of the tactics of the industry, exemplified by the Burco suit last year, which was preceded by the telegraphic deluge of Congress, it serves to discredit further the character of the industry's pleading. The Burco case will be remembered as the case which John W. Davis prepared without ever meeting his client till court convened. When the industry was unsuccessful in destroying the act by this suit, a succession of actions approximating fifty in number were brought by individual utilities in an effort to swamp the government's legal machinery. It is no wonder therefore that Judge Thacher's "error" looks suspiciously like an unsuccessful attempt to give an impression of a government double-cross in the hope that such an impression might lead to dissolution of the stay against the other fifty cases. And this would have prevented the government from concentrating its attention on the Bond and Share case and would have diverted it in fifty different directions.

False Hopes for Europe

DESPITE the European turmoil over Spain, a number of seasoned observers have recently found reasons for hope that the Continent is farther from war than is ordinarily supposed. The mere fact that nearly four months of passionate controversy over the Spanish crisis have passed without an outbreak of hostilities may indicate that no one, not even the fascist countries, really wants war at the present time. Hitler's rather unexpected agreement not to interfere in the dispute between Poland and the Nazi-controlled Danzig senate may be further evidence that Germany is not desirous of an immediate conflict. Anthony Eden's forthright statement that Britain opposed Germany's desire to exclude the Soviet Union from a European settlement heads off, for the moment at least, a very alarming anti-Soviet trend among all European states. Some observers also see substantial grounds for optimism in the elimination of the Heimwehr from political influence in Austria and in the more democratic tendencies of the new government in Hungary. The currency-stabilization pact contributes to the economic strength of the democratic countries at a time when the fascist powers are being progressively weakened by vain efforts to establish greater self-sufficiency.

Some of these developments do furnish grounds for hope. But it is the hope of a condemned prisoner clutching at each reprieve. For what fragmentary gains have been achieved would appear to be counterbalanced by unfavorable factors far more fundamental in nature. The ink is as yet scarcely dry on the Ciano-Hitler agreement, in which the two fascist powers finally buried their differences over Austria in order to devote their energies to the larger task of ridding the world of communism. In the past week the extension of fascist influence in Central Europe has been confirmed by Mussolini's action in permitting Austria and Hungary to seek new trade relations with countries other than Italy. Yugoslavia and Rumania have lately moved toward Hitler. Belgium's neutrality gesture, while qualified, was likewise a symptom of the growth of Nazi influence.

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More than all this, the Spanish crisis has accentuated the basic class conflict which underlies more superficial national rivalries. Fascism has gained prestige even in the democratic countries as a defense against social revolution. As a result the traditional division of Europe into "have" and "have-not" countries has been replaced by a new conflict which cuts bewilderingly across national lines. The British and French governments have virtually cooperated with the fascist powers in enforcing an embargo against the Popular Front government at Madrid. But the French Communists, and to a certain extent the Socialists, together with a strong section of the British Labor Party, have sided with the Soviet Union in urging support of the Spanish government. While the conflict has thus far been kept within bounds, no one can say what would happen if a struggle broke out between the French Popular Front government and growing fascist groups under De la Rocque and Doriot.

In general, the development of class consciousness has reacted almost entirely to the benefit of the fascists. Paradoxical though it may seem, the doctrine of class solidarity is put into practice by the dominant economic groups long before it is accepted by the working class. It was the Tories in England and the extreme right in France that prevented the British and French governments from thwarting German and Italian aspirations in Spain. The growing fear of communism in the British upper classes has made Britain far more sympathetic toward German rearmament than would normally be expected. As long as Hitler and Mussolini continue to get their way without war, Europe is in no immediate danger of conflict. But this is merely another way of saying that when the war comes it will be at the time and under the conditions most favorable to the fascist cause. Peace on these terms can offer no security.

What the Seamen Want

THE seamen's strike in the East has aroused less public interest than it deserves. One reason is that it was called primarily as a sympathetic walk-out to support the Pacific Coast unions, although the strikers are also making wage and hour demands, the issues have been further confused because the officials of the International Seamen's Union, whose rank-and-file members are involved in the strike, have denounced it as an "outlaw" strike and have used every method known to employers for breaking it. As a result, the employers have had to do little except issue statements abusing the strikers and standing by the I. S. U., leaving it to David Grange and his fellow-officials to provide the strike-breakers, the red-baiting, and the public confusion.

The ultimate objective of the strikers led by Joseph Curran and the Seamen's Defense Committee in New York City is the improvement of working conditions through collective bargaining. But the only established agency through which they can bargain collectively, their union, is at present autocratically controlled by a group of officials who first wiped out democratic procedure and then signed agreements with the shipowners in open defiance of the wishes of the membership. It should be said that the homelessness and mobility of sailors make it peculiarly easy for landlubber officials to seize power.

The same general conditions prevailed in the West until the rank and file, through the Maritime Federation, obtained control of the various marine unions on the Pacific Coast. The East Coast and Gulf seamen cannot hope to better their conditions until they too obtain control of their unions. They will eventually succeed. The present strike is a continuation of a campaign begun last spring, not an isolated battle. The obstacles the rank and file must overcome are vividly illustrated in an incident that occurred in New York last week. The strikers' Defense Committee succeeded in making a tentative separate agreement with the American Range Lines which would have given them parity of conditions and wages with the Pacific Coast workers. The agreement went by default when Ivan Hunter, official of the I. S. U., refused to attend the negotiations and denounced his fellow-unionists.

If, then, the strike is primarily a sympathy strike, it is not because the East Coast seamen have no grievances. It is pretty well agreed that workers in the American merchant marine, which has absorbed millions of American tax dollars, live under much worse conditions than the skilled or even the unskilled workers on land. The President's National Committee on Safety at Sea pointed out in its findings that "under present conditions the sea as a career has little to offer the type of man who is so greatly needed if ships are to be safely and efficiently operated." A report based on a first-hand investigation of several hundred ships made by the Department of Labor with the assistance of officials of the Commerce Department is reliably said to condemn very severely the living and working conditions on American ships. This report, unfortunately, has not been published, although it would do more than anything else to clarify the issues behind the ship strike. The report describes in detail the eighteen-hour day of skilled and always courteous service for which the East Coast steward gets $45 a month. He also gets tips, but tips have sharply declined, and if the steward does draw a section of profitable first-class quarters he has probably paid a good round sum for the privilege.

While the East Coast seamen fight for a maritime federation of their own, the Bridges organization on the West Coast stands firm. It has much more money and is much more solidly organized than in 1934. The owners are making concerted attempts to force arbitration and have reproached the unions for not agreeing to a device which has always worked to the advantage of employers. In negotiations the question of hiring halls has consistently stopped the show. The award of 1934 gave control of these halls to the unions. Formerly they had been controlled by the employers and had justly earned the name of "fink" halls, since they provided an excellent method for keeping the black list effective. The control of hiring halls is an issue on which the unions cannot and will not compromise. Let the public keep this in mind as the wails of the subsidized shipowners mount.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Think Pieces

Washington, November 16

THIS is thumb-sucking season in Washington journalism. It is the time when the men who report to the nation the doings and misdoings of its federal government find the springs of factual news all but dried up and are reduced to turning out, in the guise of news, dispatches that in major part are the product of the reporters' communion with their own imaginative souls. The production of such dispatches is known to the craft as "thumb-sucking," and the products themselves as "think pieces." These pieces are only mildly dishonest and would not be dishonest at all if the reporter were allowed by his editors to write, "This is what I think is going to happen and here are my reasons," instead of disguising his views with a mesh of such phrases as "according to insiders," "it is reliably reported," "it is said," "it is understood," and "authoritative sources report." If the practice of thumb-sucking has any evil consequences they arise from the fact that the cogitations of the individual reporters do not always lead to the same conclusions, and that confusion results among their unwarned readers, who, for example, read in one piece that "officials here say" a new NRA is in the making and in another, maybe on the same day, that "officials here say" there is no chance of the NRA's revival.

Although there is always likely to be some of this sort of "reporting" going on in Washington and elsewhere, the present thumb-sucking season is without parallel in intensity, for it comes at the close of an election campaign which produced no concrete issues or pledges, obliterated the opposition party, and returned Roosevelt to power in a fashion that left him without a precise debt to any specific section of the electorate. Worse still from the newswriters' standpoint, the election results have caught the various federal department heads unprepared to quit the defensive positions they have occupied for more than a year and resume the offensive with definite programs; and, to make matters worse, the President himself is taking pains to keep both activity and public discourse at low ebb while he decides what disposition to make of his unexpected electoral riches.

A major theme in the current output of think pieces is speculation on prospective changes in the Roosevelt Cabinet. There is very little factual basis for these forecasts. The firmest of them derive their authority from a member of the Cabinet who shortly before election confided to a select group of reporters that three high federal officials would be tossed out on the scrap heap if Roosevelt were reelected. He named Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, as one of the doomed and Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, as another, and this much of his forecast was at least credible. But he destroyed the credibility of the whole when he named J. Edgar Hoover as the third party in his triumvirate of the damned. It will take more than a Roosevelt to get the chief of the G-men's job; it will take dynamite and tractors to eject him. There are a number of New Dealers and more than a few Congressmen who regard Hoover as a menace, but there is no visible sign as yet that the President shares their aversion for J. Edgar, and there is no reason as yet to believe that Roosevelt would be willing to brave the public outcry that the ousting of the heavily publicized Chief G-Man would arouse. If Hoover's foot should slip, his decapitation might follow quickly, but there is little likelihood of that; Hoover, a wily fellow, even sleeps with his ground-grippers on.

Apart from the Cabinet officer's prediction, the chief ingredient of these think pieces forecasting changes in the Cabinet is gossip of either the playful or the malicious kind. Much of the speculation is the inspired product of jobless politicians seeking to garner kudos from having their names appear in the public prints as persons of Cabinet caliber. But in even greater part it is compounded of a mélange of old newspaper stories turned out by certain journalists who conceive it to be their duty not merely to report the doings of government but to try to shape those doings. They work on the theory that if the projected ousting of a certain official is printed often enough, the person in question eventually will begin to believe the reports and file a precautionary resignation. It is also the theory of this school that such reports of impending ousters or resignations often awaken the President or department heads to the need for scuttling the underlings in question. There is even a word for the practice; the reporter about to write such a story tells his colleagues he is "resigning" so-and-so, and frequently he persuades them to dispatch similar stories to their own papers so that widespread and simultaneous publication will lend weight to the yarn. Secretaries Roper and Perkins being held in high disesteem by a large section of the capital's press corps, they have been the chief victims of this type of thumb-sucking.

The emergence of speculation on Cabinet revisions as a favorite theme for think pieces is in itself a reflection of the present lack of the stuff out of which news is made, for it is a poor theme. A brief review of American history will show that Cabinet changes between the first and second terms of an Administration are relatively rare. They are not even numerous when the Administration itself changes without a change in party control, as is shown by Coolidge's retention of Harding's Cabinet and Hoover's retention of most of Coolidge's Cabinet. Nor is there any

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practical reason why there should be important changes at this time. Cabinet changes are due, in the main, to one of three causes: a wish to punish the ousted one for disloyalty or recalcitrance; the need of rewarding some individual or group of individuals who contributed in substantial degree to the President's election; or natural causes, including death, illness, or the discovery by a Cabinet member of a better job elsewhere.

Consider the prospective changes in the Roosevelt Cabinet in the light of those three possible reasons for change. No member is subject to a charge of disloyalty unless the charge be stretched to include Secretary of War Woodring, whose bumbleheadness—to use the politest possible term—has repeatedly embarrassed the Administration. The charge of disloyalty cannot even be leveled at the bellicose Ickes, who repeatedly has quarreled with the Administration's public-works muddling, and his very bellicosity may be expected to save him from any gesture toward elbowing him out of the Cabinet. The election results preclude the sort of pressure for Cabinet changes to which Roosevelt might otherwise have been subject. Since he owes his reelection to no one group or machine, he is under no compulsion to scatter Cabinet or other posts among his political creditors. Had the race been close and had such states as Indiana and Pennsylvania decided it, then it might have been necessary at this time to give serious consideration to the reports that Curtis Bok of Philadelphia would be made Ambassador to the U. S. S. R. and that the Hoosier Hitler, Governor McNutt of Indiana, would be made either Secretary of War or an Appellate Court judge. There remains for consideration the factor of "natural causes." Some of the Cabinet members —notably Cummings, Roper, and Swanson—are aging and in poor health. None at the moment seems to face a prospect of equally honorable and more secure employment elsewhere. And one or two are what a distinguished British journalist calls "human problems," meaning that they would be in financial straits if they lost their Cabinet berths; it is one of the oddities of politics that their dependence on their jobs makes them more secure in them than are other Cabinet officers who fill their posts independently and well.

The only Cabinet change we have reason definitely to expect is in the Secretaryship of War, and there the reason is that Roosevelt in appointing Woodring a few months ago emphasized that the appointment was good only until January. A change in the Attorney Generalship might be expected, but for less definite reasons: Cummings on several occasions has indicated his desire to spend his last days in the Philippines as High Commissioner, and there is a vacancy there now resulting from Frank Murphy's election as Governor of Michigan. Roper's handling of the Commerce Department might seem to make him eligible to walk the plank, but he has been equally eligible from the beginning of the New Deal and it has made no difference, even though Roper was not in a position substantially to help Roosevelt achieve reelection. It is certain that attempts will be made by various labor groups, ably abetted by Miss Perkins's journalistic enemies, to have the Labor portfolio snatched from her hands; but they will be working against heavy odds, including especially the inability of her foes to agree among themselves on a successor to her, her own prideful tenacity, and the difficulty of contriving a satisfactory substitute method of honoring the woman voter. It is being suggested that at least some of these difficulties will be surmounted by the creation of a Department of Welfare with Miss Perkins as the Secretary in charge, but any such attempt is sure to stir up bitter warfare among the various departments, bureaus, and agencies that might be involved. Even the threat of slight interdepartmental changes involved in Ickes's attempt to change the Interior Department's name to "Department of Conservation and Public Works" has nearly produced bloodshed.

Madrid Fights Off Franco

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, November 16, by Cable

BOMBARDED from the air, shelled from the ground, with a hostile semicircle drawn tightly around the suburbs, Madrid still holds out. Republican Spain regards every additional day of successful defense as victory. How many more such days there will be nobody can say. Ever since November 6 the pressure has been terrific. Moors and legionnaires may enter the city at any moment, although the enemy is showing signs of fatigue. In the last week the fascists have been harassed by loyal aviators and an effective tank attack. An expert has estimated, on the basis of certainly insufficient information, that Franco's 12,000 men who hoped to occupy Madrid have lost 10 per cent of their effectives in the last seven days. Observation airplanes are unable to discover that any reinforcements have been brought up to replenish the insurgent columns.

It is admitted that Franco's soldiers are fine fighters who stand up to tank attacks and do not flee from airplane bombing. Most of the legionnaires who have fallen into Loyalist hands are illiterate. The theory is that with smaller culture goes less fear of death. But despite these considerations, the adventurers, desperados, and legionnaires of Franco's army seem to value their lives more dearly than the Republicans. The rebels are superbly equipped with modern arms. Franco evidently thought he could take Madrid with the forces at his disposal, but the strategy he has employed, which showed his contempt for his an-

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tagonists, now exposes him to the danger of being cut off from his bases in western and northern Spain. Franco's army, spoiled by the ease with which it has advanced on the capital, may become demoralized by Madrid's firm resistance.

Between November 6 and 10 Madrid, shaken out of its lethargy, went fearlessly to work at the task of defending itself. In innumerable streets sandbag barricades have been erected and houses converted into fortresses. The fascists within the gates have been reduced by execution and imprisonment. Madrid will be a very hot and uncomfortable place for the enemy if he enters. He may come in and go out again. As a general said to me today, "The city cannot be captured, it can only be surrendered." The great question is whether the Loyalists, by mistaken tactics or faulty organization, by panic or overconfidence, will make a present of the capital to the rebels. For four days, while Madrid found itself menaced, it shed its earlier frivolity and carefree attitude. Now its customary self-assurance has returned. The people have become accustomed to a state of semi-siege and feel the city can hold out for months. Herein lies its danger, for one result is that the government troops outside Madrid, whose function is to strike the enemy in the rear, show a disinclination to fight. This may quickly change.

The Loyalists have received assistance of incomparable importance from the international column of foreign Socialists and Communists, whose two units, now in the hottest part of the front line, have acquitted themselves with unprecedented valor. These reserves, originally intended for other purposes—for an offensive into hostile territory—had to be thrown into the battle to defend Madrid. The international force, however, is growing steadily through the influx of enthusiastic volunteers. If the enemy is compelled to retire even a short distance from Madrid, the government will be able to muster enough strength to strike a blow at Franco's lines of communication. In any case, the Republican Foreign Legion has tremendously improved the morale and combative qualities of the Spanish Republican army, as has the presence of newly equipped airplanes and tanks. The government cavalry came on the field three days ago with good morale and military effect. The Loyalists suffer from an insufficiency of machine-guns, which Franco has in abundance. If this deficiency can be remedied, fear of the foe's superior armaments will disappear.

The many bombings have failed to affect the morale of the population. This morning my hotel windows were shaken by exploding bombs. From the balcony I saw three giant enemy planes fleeing before Loyalist machines. The rebels' aim was to bomb the chief railway station, but they missed. Some bombs fell in the streets not far away. One made a hole through which the underground railway tracks could be seen, another brought down two huge marble columns on a public building, overthrew another column nearby, burst a water main, and shattered innumerable windows. Other bombs made deep craters in busy streets in the heart of the city, but business went on as usual. The food queues are as long as ever, but the cafes do not lack patrons.

Soviet Russia's New Deal

BY SIDNEY WEBB

THE All-Union Congress of Soviets will meet on November 25 to ratify the new Soviet Constitution, a document which has astonished the Western World. The embassies and foreign offices throughout the world were impressed by the gesture of its publication. It sounded the note of achievement. Those in authority at the Kremlin are today able to announce, in effect, that the immense difficulties of so gigantic a social and economic reconstruction have been overcome. Not stability only, but also success, has been substantially secured. A second impression is that of maturity. The child born in 1917 has come of age and takes an adult place in the world. Development is still proceeding, but it is now the development of an adult, rising toward its prime of power.

Nearly all the press comments have failed to emphasize the most important of the innovations of the published draft. Thus the method of direct election of representatives by the largest electorate ever known already prevails in city and village alike, no fewer than 77,000,000 votes having been actually cast for the Soviets at the last elections, out of a total electorate of just over 91,000,000. This method of election was actually included in the published program of the Bolshevik Party in 1903 and has been in operation since 1918. It is true that the members of the four or five thousand district and provincial councils, like those of the supreme assembly, the All-Union Congress of Soviets, have hitherto been indirectly elected, just as members of the Senate of the United States used to be. It is not clear to the outsider how much difference has been made in the character and composition of the United States Senate by the substitution of direct for indirect election. No one can predict with any confidence that any greater difference will be made by the analogous change in the U. S. S. R.

Similarly with regard to the proposed enlargement of the electorate and the equalization of representation of citizen and villager. Certainly the abandonment of all exclusions and inequalities from the electoral franchise is an impressive gesture. Neither ill-gotten wealth nor former anti-social occupation, not even family relationship to the late Czar or membership in a religious order, will henceforth deprive a Soviet citizen of his vote. It has

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scarcely been noticed that most of these exclusions had already lapsed in practice. It is true that, without any change of official policy toward theology, nearly 50,000 practicing priests of the Greek Orthodox Church, together with some hundreds of Roman Catholic, Evangelical, Mohammedan, and Buddhist ministers, will for the first time next year receive votes. But what are 50,000 in an electorate that has already reached a total of more than 90,000,000? Moreover, the vote of each of the 60,000,000 rural electors will henceforth count for as much as that of each of the 30,000,000 urban electors, instead of only about half (usually misstated as one-fifth) as much. This is Stalin's effective answer to the constantly repeated slanders as to the oppression of the peasants.

But to the student of political science the most important innovation will not be any reshaping of the electoral machine but the enshrinement in the constitution of a new set of "rights of man." The Declaration of Independence of the American rebels of 1776 and the United States Constitution of 1787 were both founded on an almost unfettered individual ownership of private property for the purpose of profit-making. The French Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789 (and as rewritten in 1793) had a similar basis. These were alike sanctifications of the motive of profit-making, then believed to be the necessary foundation of economic progress. Even in the "Principles of a Civil Code" Bentham allowed only one encroachment—that of taxation—upon private property, and recognized only four "ends" of civil government without specifying how they could be attained, namely, individual subsistence, security, equality, and abundance. In 1848 Louis Blanc asked in vain for the addition of the "right to work," meaning the right *to be found employment by the state*. In 1936 the Soviet constitution insures to every citizen not only protection against aggression but also the right to have remunerative work; the right to specified hours of rest and paid weeks of holiday; the right to education of every kind and grade free of all charges; and, most far-reaching of all, the right to full economic provision, according to need, in all the vicissitudes of life. What is even more important is the fact that the inclusion in the constitution of these enormously extended "rights of man" is but the explicit recital of what is already in practice. The right to "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" promised to every American citizen in 1776 is nowadays seen to have been but an empty phrase, to which no substance was given. Louis Blanc's "right to work" of 1848 equally remained a dead letter. But in the U. S. S. R. the right to have and to enjoy remunerative work—not necessarily employment at wages or salary, because it includes the self-chosen alternative of "self-ployment," either individually or in cooperative partnerships as associations of producers—has for years been a fact. Similarly, in the Soviet Union "woman's right to economic security" is already much more than mere equality of opportunity with men. The fulfilment of woman's peculiar social function of maternity carries with it the right to be indemnified against all the pecuniary charges or sacrifices that childbirth involves, on the same principle as that by which the official is repaid all the traveling or other expenses that are incident to his official duties. All these new and unprecedented rights of man are to be guaranteed by the proposed constitution, not merely to a ruling class, a dominant race, a favored sex, or even a specially insured minority, but universally, according to need, without exclusion of sex or color or social past, and without insurance premium, to all persons over eighteen in city or village, including the backward peoples of nearly two hundred different tribes throughout the vast continent. This is in startling contrast to the constitution and practice of every other state in the world. It is notably for these stupendous innovations, unparalleled in any previous constitution, that the new draft of the Soviet Union, which embodies an effective socialism, will be regarded by the future historian as even more momentous than the American Constitution of 1787 or that of the French Republic of 1793.

Not less original in conception and unprecedented in history is the method by which the draft constitution has been launched. It was not called for by any popular agitation. The proposal, including all its striking novelties, emanated spontaneously from the chief governmental authority. But it was not then put into law or even given the seal of approval. It was referred to a hierarchy of committees composed of the most expert administrators and the most authoritative writers on government. The draft thus elaborated was next laid before the whole people of the U. S. S. R., not only by publication in all the hundreds of newspapers in the five score principal languages, but also by the issue of 15,000,000 copies—one to every three families from Leningrad to Vladivostok—in all these languages, either in cheap pamphlet form or in larger type in the form of posters which are to be seen in every public place. Meanwhile it has been broadcast from all the radio stations to tens of thousands of public loud speakers and to millions of domestic wireless sets. In every center of population, often at meetings in the village street, it has been popularly discussed, not merely in order to voice the very general public approval, but particularly with a view to responding to the official request for criticisms, suggestions, and amendments. The number of these received at Moscow, within two months of publication, is reported to have run into tens of thousands. All these were sorted and classified and laid before the expert committees by whom the draft is being corrected and amplified before being considered by the specially elected All-Union Congress of Soviets. This elaborate procedure, it may be noted, is merely in accord with the principle of participation which—though the West finds it difficult to believe—actually runs through so much of Soviet administration.

Almost as unexpected to the Western world is the inclusion, on the lines of the most civilized democratic states of continental Europe, of provisions safeguarding the liberty of the person against unauthorized arrest and imprisonment by the police or by arbitrary action of the executive government unsanctioned by the judiciary. As in other Continental countries, there will not be what is so much cherished in England, the special protection of that British peculiarity the Habeas Corpus Act. But by

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Article 127 "the citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaranteed inviolability of person. No person may be placed under arrest except by decision of a court or with the sanction of a state attorney" (meaning the judicial department of the Procurator, which is independent of the executive). Equally remarkable is Article 125, by which "the citizens of the U. S. S. R. are guaranteed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and of holding mass-meetings, and freedom of street processions and demonstrations." These "rights of the citizens," the article goes on to say, "are insured *by placing at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations* printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, the streets, means of communication, and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights." Truly a unique and unprecedented conception of public freedom!

Considered as a political gesture alike to the millions at home and to other nations, the diplomatic world allows it to be magnificent. Even the most skeptical of gentlemanly attachés cannot avoid being shaken in his faith that Bolshevism cannot possibly endure. The student of political science tabulates a brand-new specimen in the way of constitutions. But of course constitutions are judged in the long run not by what they say but according to how they work—or are worked. All the friends of freedom throughout the world are welcoming the document that is shortly to go into effect for nearly one-sixth of the entire land surface of the globe. The new constitution of the Soviet Union, to go into effect in January, 1937, will be judged by the world according to the way in which it is found to be actually working, say, in January, 1942, after five years' experience without war.

Elegy for the Elite

BY STUART CHASE

I HEARD the election returns from a radio in a Pullman club car going from New York to Chicago. There were perhaps twenty of us listening desperately to flurries of figures momentarily drowned in static. My companions were obviously in the higher-income groups. With one or two exceptions their faces were long and sour as the pluralities mounted. When the incredible Mr. Hamilton told us at 11 p.m. that we would go to bed as Democrats to wake Republicans, the anguish abated. Then: "Connecticut—Roosevelt 97,386; Landon 70,241," and the glassy expressions returned.

By 11:30 even the most hopeful knew it was all over. About midnight came Jim Farley's generous, unvindictive message. "Yeah, you bought 'em, you ought to know," said the man on my left. The Sunflower contingent drifted off to their sleepers leaving just four of us around the radio—an exceedingly prosperous-looking older woman, a Jewish traveling man, a manufacturer of porcelain ware, and myself, to drink a nightcap to victory. Presently the porter politely joined us in mutual congratulations. A Jew, a Negro, a scribbler, a manufacturer, and an up-stage matron—class angle this if you can.

In the washroom of my car two men were holding a postmortem. One was beefy, bald, pink-faced, in a loud pepper-and-salt suit. The other was young, lean, long-nosed, with hexagonal glasses. It developed that their line was women's garments.

LEAN FACE: "Well, that's that. Jesus Christ, two to one! And Pennsylvania. The more you stick to your own business and forget about the government, the better you're off. We've always had politicians and we always will."

FAT FACE: "You said it, brother. Do you think he'll pull this dictator stuff?"

LEAN FACE: "No. That's a lotta hooey. What gripes me is all this spending. Jesus! Maybe 15, 20 per cent of the people on relief really deserved it. All the rest are bums. Well, the thing to do now is to get down to business."

FAT FACE: "Yeah, you're right. Funny thing; my business is better than it ever was. People are buying. These new models are a wow."

LEAN FACE: "We've always had depressions and we always will. Politics' got nothing to do with it. Business ought to be good now for three or four years. We got to make the most of it. I'm going to get all I can while the going's good."

FAT FACE: "What do you suppose the market'll do?"

LEAN FACE: "I think she'll go up—all but utilities. You know for a while there I thought Landon had it in the bag—that bloody *Digest* poll—and I was going to buy utilities. If he'd been elected you could have made a killing in utilities. Guy was telling me there's a chance to clean up in Western railroads, with those new streamlined trains."

FAT FACE: "Well, maybe. What do you think Princeton's going to do to those birds Saturday?"

LEAN FACE: "I'll tell you, brother. The backfield's okay, but the line has some sour spots. . . . ." And class angle this, if you please.

Twenty-eight million votes. What did it? Certainly not an acute comprehension of technical economics—say, the savings-spending formula, which the two drummers noted above so charmingly mangled ("What gets me is this spending." . . . "You're right, it's terrible. My business is better than I've ever seen it"). Certainly not a comprehension of the raw facts which indicate that America has matured and must adjust its institutions to a new series of growth curves. Certainly not votes bought by relief money, for there are not that many on relief. Certainly not blind hero-worship. Save for the historic Hundred Days, Mr. Roosevelt has never had that.

What did it? There are undoubtedly many reasons. One

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to my mind outranks all others. I have traveled a good bit first and last, up and down, to and fro, across this slice of continent. The mass of the American people, especially west of the Appalachians, are *decent* folks. They are not very intellectual, or very critical, or very discriminating, but they are somehow immensely decent. They do not ride much in Pullman smokers.

The minds of the electorate were probably more influenced by Republican propaganda than by Democratic. The notions of squandering, of vast misty debts for the future to pay, the attacks on the Constitution, undoubtedly alarmed them. But something stronger than the mind was operating. In their hearts they felt that the New Deal was decent; that the man who had launched it and fought for it was decent. Deep answered deep. For the first time in their experience government had tried to help them in their agony. Always before government had promised all things and delivered nothing. The New Deal had actually and tangibly remembered the forgotten man. It had raised his wages and shortened his hours before the Supreme Court intervened. It had pulled the farmers out of bottomless despair. It had saved millions of small home-owners from foreclosure. It had stopped the losses to small depositors in floundering banks. It had reached out to broken, wandering, jobless souls and said, "You shall not starve." It had put four million of the unemployed to work on public tasks. It had taken the wild boys from the freight cars and the street corners and made hardy men of them in forest camps. It had given the people of a great river basin in the South a new pattern and a new hope. It had made Wall Street writhe, even as stock prices began to climb.

Here were no campaign promises, no tub-thumping about the tariff and the pauper labor of Europe, no spread-eagle appeals to the unapproachable American standard of being, no verbalisms at all, but hard, tangible, decent facts. Something was actually being done. It might cost more than it should, it might be bad for the budget as Mr. Landon said, it might make a lot of debts and taxes—but things were happening, the depression was lifting.

This deep feeling, as the election returns show, went far beyond the immediate beneficiaries of relief, up into the ranks of employed skilled labor, into the middle classes, and even scarred the professions and the intellectuals. Only the coastal tribes of Bar Harbor, Back Bay, Newport, Long Island, Park Avenue, and Chestnut Hill—they and their bobbing junior executives—were impervious to it. (Still, there was that woman on the train.) Twenty-eight million Americans voted for a man who had demonstrated in a thousand concrete ways his fundamental decency.

Where do we go now? Where do the economic royalists go? Where does the organized radical movement go?

It appears that any political group which by tangible performance can demonstrate an increase in social security, hope for the future, a break for the mass of the people, need not fear the antics of Park Avenue dowagers with their "ten days more to save America," the yelps of the press, the stuffed pay envelopes of the tycoons, the bogies of the Constitution, the brain trust, states' rights, the pipeline to Moscow, or the house-broken statistical experts.

This tends to put the economic royalists back on their haunches. If their old charms will not operate, they are in a sorry predicament, for their actual votes are few. Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt is commander-in-chief of the army, navy, and air force—quite a considerable air force. Nor has the military arm any grave cause for complaint. The tycoons cannot vote such a leader out; nor can they throw him out by force. For the moment, at least, they will have to grin and bear it. A look at their profit-and-loss accounts in the past year should provide consolation.

Big business has been on the defensive now for five years, and the election blackens the other eye. It is far from out of the ring of course, but when the elite, or ruling caste, turns from easy arrogance to the defensive, when it begins seriously to justify itself, the slide to the salt sea has begun. Big business is now buying full-page space, with the slickest of publicity assistance, to broadcast the news that finance, industry, business are really quite presentable institutions, not nearly so black as pictured. This is an ominous sign, the beginning of the end. Says Lasswell:

> By the use of sanctioned words and gestures the elite elicits blood, work, taxes, applause from the masses. When the political order works smoothly, the masses venerate the symbols; the elite, self-righteous and unafraid, suffer from no withering sense of immorality . . . . a well-established ideology perpetuates itself with little planned propaganda by those whom it benefits most. When thought is taken about ways and means of sowing conviction, conviction has already languished, the basic outlook of society has decayed.

This, I think, is the long-swing interpretation of the election. The old order is breaking up. People are ready for change, and will follow a leader committed to change if he registers humanity and decency.

If capitalism were in one of its regular nineteenth-century cycles, this conclusion would hardly be warranted. A brisk recovery based on the prompt investment of private savings in expanding plant would soon reestablish the elite and its ideology. Fortunately or unfortunately the present recovery, while reasonably brisk, is predicated on public works and social spending rather than on Empire State buildings and private capital goods. On the momentum of public spending private investment might take up the slack for a short period, and the elite come crawling out of their defensive trenches. But unless I am very gravely mistaken, the emergence would be brief. One more down swing would finish the elite altogether.

This question of a slipping ideology and wavering public support for the religion of business is profoundly important. It explains the hysterical tone of the whole Republican press. The terror is eminently justified. The "American way of life" is indeed in jeopardy. The old gods are tumbling, the horse and buggy headed for the tomb. Private enterprise has demonstrated its inability to support the population. In the depression to date it has cost the American people one hundred billion man-hours of idleness through unemployment, and refused to produce two hundred billion dollars' worth of goods and services which the plant and the labor force were ready and eager to produce. This is failure on a cosmic scale. The people have

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turned to a new god—the government—led by Mr. Roosevelt. The new god works.

The economic royalists are losing their function. Let this sink in. Instead of assisting the American economy, as they certainly did in the days of rapid expansion, they have been a drag and a weight upon it since 1929. Conceivably the whole group of finance capitalists and financially minded industrialists could be exported to a sunny island in the South Seas with no net damage to the American economy at all. Rather the reverse. In 1900 the damage would have been serious. Today the government is in a position to operate the credit system far more effectively than Wall Street—and is in fact doing so. The salaried administrators and technicians of the two hundred great corporations are in a position to produce goods and services without help from boards of directors who know nothing of technical operation and whose attention is riveted on the stock market. An elite whose only function is sabotage can hardly be guaranteed a long and happy life.

Mr. Roosevelt now commands the symbols and dominates the American economy. The only considerable barrier to any reasonable program on behalf of economic reform is the Supreme Court. This barrier will not be permanent; it cannot be, when a people speak so emphatically. What will he do with his mandate and his power? Nobody knows, but one may hazard a guess, based on the trend.

Mr. Roosevelt is without dogma or fixed economic principles. He is not a Socialist, a single-taxer, a devotee of Adam Smith, a proponent of consumers' cooperation, a rigorous social planner, or any other "ist." He just wants to make people more comfortable, and he passionately wants to save the land and resources of America so that oncoming generations may be comfortable. He does not like Wall Street very well; he does not like the power boys very well—a natural reaction in a country squire. He has nothing against the profit system as such, but only asks, Will it work? In those areas where it will not work he is ready to change it. Broadly speaking, then, I think his leadership in the next four years will be pragmatic, and follow in a general way the course of Sweden or Denmark. There will be no onslaught on capitalism as such, but a steady growth in collective enterprises in these sectors where private enterprise has proved its inability to make folks comfortable. Specifically I think we may look for:

National controls for minimum wages and maximum hours; the abolition of child labor.

A long-term collective plan for agriculture, including curbs on the surplus, crop insurance, an increase in cooperative marketing.

Strengthening of federal control over banking, credit, stock markets.

Further restrictions upon holding companies of the milking-machine variety.

More and more electric energy at less and less cost, as the yardsticks swing into action.

The TVA may hatch out a few brothers and sisters.

A real program for housing the lower-income groups.

A real attempt to limit the pain-and-beauty boys through adequate food-and-drug legislation.

Redoubled efforts to conserve the land, water, and wild life of the American continent and the absorption of the unemployed in conservation and other public works.

An amended and improved Social Security Act.

A shake-up in the organization of the federal government in the interest of greater operating efficiency.

Continuation of the drive for lower interest rates.

The budget will probably be balanced by 1938 or 1939, but this is a detail.

No wars to save democracy, Mr. Morgan, Mr. du Pont, the Constitution, the flag, Mrs. Dilling, the Socialist Soviet Republic, the Open Door, or anything else down to Mr. Smith's brown derby. But any power which tries to invade us will step into one beautiful hornet's nest.

There is nothing in the above to cause an honest business man to blanch, and nothing to encourage the extreme left that the revolution is at hand. Union Leaguers will of course grow apoplectic over their toddies, and the ancient ladies of the D. A. R. swoon amid their cup cakes and iced tea. This is the middle road on the Scandinavian, or even British, model, and certainly the limit of what the mass of the American people will stand for at this particular point in history. One hopes that they will stand for no less.

Finally, what does the election signify to the radical and progressive movement—apart from the Communists? The major question for the progressive movement to answer is whether Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party are to continue to do a job far more effectively than the progressives have ever been able to do it themselves. Short of revolution, he has brought about reforms and breaches in the old order so colossal as to stagger the imagination. If he continues on this road, there is no place for the radical movement except on the left flank urging him along. A separate political movement might have many devoted leaders but no popular following—head without body—or votes. Mr. Roosevelt has blanketed the radical movement, except the simon-pure revolutionaries, since 1932, and it is about time the boys woke up to the fact. They are impotent while the New Deal proceeds on its massive, popular path. Often as rigid in their dogmatism on the left as is Wall Street on the right, they join with Wall Street in bewailing any increase in mass well-being because it has not been brought about on the correct principles. Both wings prefer bottomless depression to recovery on the wrong principles. The principles of neither Marx nor Adam Smith interest the American electorate. What it looks for is results.

If Roosevelt succeeds in making a genuine liberal party out of the Democratic Party, there is nothing for the progressives to do but get aboard—of course, on the extreme left flank. If he tires of the New Deal, or if the Democratic Party reverts to its normal barrenness, it is manifestly up to the radicals and progressives to form a new farmer-labor party, pick up the torch, and appeal to that great mass who, in the election, showed their hunger for security, their willingness to accept change. The American Labor Party, it seems to me, had the right idea—Roosevelt and Lehman while they steer straight, but a massed, fighting organization ready to lead on if they falter.

[*Mr. Chase's discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's program will be followed next week by the second instalment of the symposium "What I Expect of Roosevelt."*]

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Faking Car Accidents

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

AUTOMOBILE owners in this country are being victimized daily by racketeers who bring fraudulent accident suits against them. These men and women prey mainly on car owners who carry personal-liability insurance; but the effect of their work is felt by everyone.

Rates for automobile-casualty insurance are calculated on the amount of money paid out by insurance companies on claims against car owners insured in that area. Insurance rates in one city will be double those in another if twice as many successful claims are made against insured car owners in the first city as in the second, providing of course, that the average settlements are about equal. This will be true even though the death and accident rates in the second city are far greater than in the first. For this reason, New York City, which has the lowest death rate from automobile accidents, has the highest liability-insurance rate. Wherever you live the rates you pay have been doubled or more because of the fraudulent claims paid by insurance companies. Rates are fixed annually, based on the record of the five previous years.

There were 22,565,347 private automobiles licensed in the United States at the beginning of this year. Outside of Massachusetts, where a compulsory insurance law is in effect, just 25 per cent of those cars carried liability insurance. That means that of every twenty persons who were injured or killed in automobile accidents, only five were injured by automobiles whose owners were definitely in a position to help compensate for the accident. Out of 3,655,705 commercial vehicles licensed at the beginning of the year, little more than 50 per cent carried liability insurance. Now there were almost 900,000 persons injured in automobile accidents last year and about 37,000 killed. The dead are dead and cash won't restore life, but a large number of persons today possess permanent injuries because of inability to pay for proper medical treatment when the injuries were first sustained.

The injury faker works hand in hand with the shyster lawyer and the unprincipled doctor. The activities of the ambulance chasers will be dealt with in a second article. Let us consider here the methods of the "floppers." This is how it generally works out.

You probably know Joe Doakes. He's a nice, quiet family man with a wife and children and a small automobile and a smaller job. It's a rainy night and he is driving slowly and carefully, watching traffic lights and looking out for unwary pedestrians. He's stopped by a light on a dismal corner and he sits at the wheel and wonders how he's going to be able to swing the next instalment of his automobile insurance. It is New York City, say, and he has the ordinary "5 and 10" policy—a maximum of $5,000 protection for injuries to one person, and $10,000 for injuries to two or more persons. That costs him $95 a year; collision insurance, property-damage insurance, and fire-and-theft insurance about double the figure.

The traffic light changes. He starts his car, hears a scream, and jams on his brakes. He gets out of his car and finds a woman against the front wheel. She is moaning. Her clothing is torn. Her shoulder and neck are bruised. A cop comes. He calls an ambulance. The interne examines the woman.

Her eyes are dilated. A thin stream of blood seeps from her left ear. "Possible skull fracture, contusions and abrasions of the face, arms, and shoulder. Possible internal injuries. Shock," the interne diagnoses. The cop reports those injuries on his card. The woman moans. The cop takes Joe Doakes's name and address, makes a nasty remark about learning how to drive, and smells Doakes's breath to see if he has been drinking. A few weeks later Doakes is the defendant in a damage suit.

Whatever the claimant is awarded above $5,000, Joe Doakes has to pay himself. Probably the case will be settled out of court. The insurance company adds the bill to future premiums, and the woman and her lawyer and the doctor who took her out of the hospital to "treat" her privately split up the money and plan another accident.

This is not an imaginary case. One woman faked this type of accident in twenty cities before she was caught. She once underwent a mastoid operation and one of her eyes became slightly dilated. She could make a convincing representation of nausea, double vision, convulsions, intense pain. She would bite her lip and draw blood and rub it in her ear. And if you think all this sounds fantastic it may interest you to know that she fooled doctors in more than fifty hospitals throughout the country.

In Pittsburgh recently the police uncovered a "house of pain." In this unique establishment the manufacture of injuries later to be attributed to automobile accidents was carried on wholesale. The place was ruled by a likable middle-aged man, who occasionally posed as a lawyer. The house was equipped with graters, made by puncturing tin cans. These were rubbed on the intended "victims," creating long, ugly scratches. A half-dozen good rubs on the neck and shoulders and the "victim" would look as though he had just passed through a meat grinder.

Before the "accidents" were scheduled to take place the participants reported to the house. They beat each other with their bare fists and with sacks filled with apples, potatoes, and oranges. Then they went to work on each other with the graters. In a few minutes they were hideous sights—covered with black-and-blue marks, welts, and bruises. Sandpaper was also used, and occasionally, to make injuries look especially bad, knives and razors. Clothing was ripped and covered with dirt.

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Then the "victims" went out and had "accidents." These accidents occurred simultaneously in various parts of the city. After the accidents other methods were used to keep up appearances. The victims always insisted on being treated at "private hospitals." There mineral oil was inserted into the flesh to cause inflammation and thickening of tissues. Hot paraffin was spread over the scabs to keep them soft and prevent them from healing until the case was settled, or at least well on its way in court.

This outfit collected more than $1,000,000 in its four years of operation. It ultimately was rounded up and all the devices described above became part of the court record. The proprietor received a five-year jail sentence, and prison terms of varying lengths were meted out to his confederates. It was brought out that some of the participants in the systematic frauds originally were honest persons who actually had suffered an injury in an automobile accident; they had been prevailed upon by shyster lawyers to permit exaggeration of their hurts, and then blackmailed into continuing the practice, with the lawyer taking a share of the profits.

Various other astonishing frauds have been uncovered. A favorite device is to take advantage of an earlier injury which left permanent effects. For instance, one man, now safely incarcerated, broke his wrist when he fell from a horse a number of years ago. The bone never set properly. His technique was to bind his wrist until it swelled, pull a "flop," and then rise with an enlarged, apparently injured member. He would threaten suit, allow himself to be "persuaded" into taking a quick cash settlement, and disappear, to turn up in another city and repeat his trick. He got seven years in state's prison when the police finally caught him.

Probably the ace of the racketeers was an Italian who formerly was a field-hospital attendant in the Italian army. While there he learned the use of a subtle drug which, when introduced into the base of the spine, paralyzed the subject from the waist down for some time afterward. The drug was used as a merciful anaesthetic for wounded soldiers. This man stole the formula for the drug and came to this country. He would inject the drug and then, just before it took effect, step in front of a moving automobile. At the hospital the routine tests would show him to be totally paralyzed from the waist down. He would moan and whimper and cry piteously in Italian. He was able to win quick damage settlements from insurance companies, whose agents thought they were lucky to escape heavy suits. He maintained his paralytic pose until he was released from the hospital, apparently to spend the rest of his life as an invalid, confined to a wheel chair.

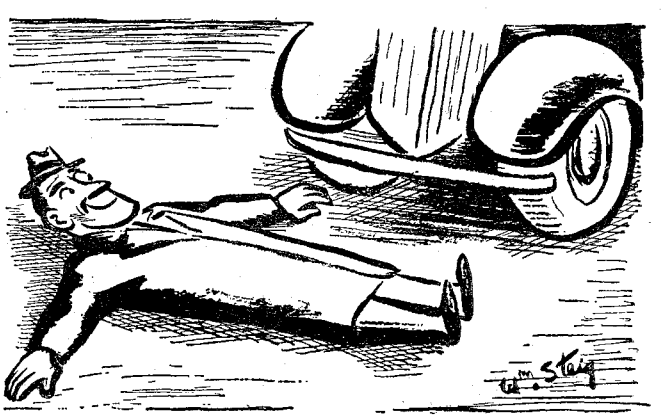
As soon as he got home, of course, he packed up and disappeared, to turn up in another city and pull his gag over again. He was captured in an amusing fashion, worth recording. An Italian detective, employed by a suspicious insurance agent, went to the hospital where the man was seemingly bedridden. Suddenly the detective shouted an Italian oath and then yelled out, still in Italian: "Get out of that bed, you're caught!" The panic-stricken "patient" leaped from the bed and the detective downed him with a flying tackle. The man was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

It was estimated by the Massachusetts Claim Investigations Committee that one out of three claims for automobile damages was entirely fraudulent or grossly exaggerated. Before 1930 only one insured car in ten was involved in an automobile accident. In 1932 one in five was the rule. It is doubtful that the number of honest accidents could have doubled in two years.

The National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, a voluntary organization representing thirty-nine stock companies which transact the bulk of casualty and surety-insurance business in the country, has for the last few years waged, by means of an effective cross-index system, a relentless war on these traders in fake injuries. Its work has been remarkably effective, but it is apparent, nevertheless, that the surface of the trouble has just been scratched. In 1935 the casualty and surety companies licensed in New York State (the majority extend their operations all over the country) paid out more than $121,662,660 to claimants on personal-injury and property-damage claims—an increase of $2,319,148 in a year.

Whenever a claim is made against a casualty company which is a member of the bureau, the details of the case are passed on to the bureau. The claimant, his past history, the type of injury he claims are thoroughly investigated. Thousands of records are kept on file. The claims are cross-indexed by injuries, names, addresses, characteristics, size, physical deformities, and so on. When a man files suit in Kansas City, for instance, the information is forwarded to headquarters. There the items are checked in every one of the cross-files. It may be found that a man answering his description—the name will be changed of course—filed similar suits in one or more other cities. The pictures and descriptions of the previous claimant will be sent to the member company in Kansas City, and often it is possible to confront a claimant with proof of his fraud and either end his latest suit or, sometimes, even institute criminal proceedings against him.

During the past several years scores of lawyers, claimants, doctors, and "witnesses" have been arrested in connection with accident frauds. The number of arrests is constantly on the increase, as the index system of the bureau gradually becomes more complete and effective, and as local law-enforcement agencies take more and more interest in the subject.



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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AN OUT-OF-TOWN reader writes me that he looks for a "war to the death" between the radio and the newspapers as a consequence of the election. He puts at 85 per cent the number of newspapers which were "given a sound trouncing" by the voters, and says that as an institution the newspapers of the country are "thoroughly discredited." "Since the advent of the radio," he continues, "they have been losing ground rapidly as a molder of public opinion and they are well on their way to a well-deserved death. Look at their editorial-page format and content, their drab sameness. Who writes their shallow and biased articles?" Then he declares that the broadcasting companies are aware of their superior advantage. He knows that many newspapers are buying up radio stations or establishing their own, and he thinks that they would like to take over the broadcasting companies.

Now there is a good deal of exaggeration in this—the newspapers are not well on their way to death—but it is undeniable that they have had a terrible licking and that they are rapidly losing their editorial influence. Take the city of Chicago. The three dailies with a large circulation are the Chicago *American,* a Hearst paper, the Chicago *Tribune,* as despicable editorially and in its biased news columns as the Hearst press, and the conservative Chicago *Daily News* of Colonel Knox. All of them were for Landon, and so Chicago went for Roosevelt by an enormous majority. The Chicago *Tribune* used to print maps of Chicago and the adjoining states which it labeled the Chicago *Tribune* belt, claiming that it dominated that field. It could not print those maps today, for everybody would laugh. It is a newspaper with a great circulation and no influence. Similarly Mr. Hearst faces the fact that wherever his papers are published they have no influence whatsoever on the popular voting.

The October 1 circulation statistics of the New York City newspapers do not bear out my correspondent's allegation that they are fast going down hill. The Hearst *American* has dropped only from 322,099, as reported on September 30, 1935, to 316,914, a small loss when one considers the anti-Hearst boycott; his *Mirror* has shown a gain of 40,000 copies, while the other tabloid, the *Daily News,* has increased its sales from a daily average of 1,616,111 to 1,629,178. During the same period the *Herald Tribune's* week-day issues registered a substantial drop of nearly 10,000 copies a day. Both the *Times* and the *Post,* like the *Daily News,* supported Roosevelt. The *Times* shows a healthy increase from 428,429 to 460,054 a day, while the *Post* has gone up from 120,836 to 177,277. My correspondent is also unaware that advertising has come back to these newspapers with a rush during 1936; so that most of them are doing quite well financially. The newspapers with the largest circulation are the tabloids, whose readers buy them not for any editorial comment but to get the news through pictures.

The lack of influence of the American press as a whole which this election has brought out is not novel; it has long been apparent and has a number of causes; but I am afraid that Captain J. M. Patterson, the owner of the *Daily News,* is about correct in saying that most of the newspapers opposed Roosevelt "with much strength and sincerity" because "Roosevelt's reelection would be a bad thing for their pockets," which made them think that "Roosevelt's reelection would be a bad thing for everybody." There were many honorable exceptions, of course, like the Baltimore *Suns* and some of the Gannett newspapers, which were not influenced by business-office considerations. None the less, what happened thoroughly justified Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London *Times,* in saying that the election was an "uprising against big business and the newspapers."

The fight between the radio and the newspapers will now go on with fresh impetus. But what is more important is the future orientation of the press itself. Will it continue to get farther and farther away from the bulk of the plain people and their aspirations and become more and more the servant of the big business men with whom its owners and managers now associate, or will it undertake to serve the wishes of the multitude, interpret honestly their aspirations, and accept the election as proof that the American people are with Franklin Roosevelt in his desire to use government as an agency for human progress and welfare? On that rather than on the radio competition will depend, in my judgment, the further waning or waxing of the influence of the press.

A personal word: forty years ago this month I joined the Philadelphia *Press* to see, in that newspaper office, whether or not I had the makings of a journalist. I felt that on my mother's newspaper, the New York *Evening Post,* I could hardly get a judgment on my merits. After six months' service in Philadelphia, which convinced me that I had found there the way of life which I most wished to follow, I was called to the *Evening Post* by a sudden staff emergency. One is prone after so long a service to look back and insist that conditions are not so good in one's profession as they were when one started. There were grave defects in the press of 1897, yet I think I am right in saying that, beginning with the disappearance of great and unfettered personalities in the editorial rooms, the power and prestige of the press have steadily and alarmingly waned during the entire period. It is a purely commercial business now and not a profession.

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BROUN'S PAGE

WITHOUT pointing too markedly in the direction of any individual, I think that some radical leaders have erred in leaping at the conclusion that all those who espoused Labor's Non-Partisan League did so with the naive notion that the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt would solve all the problems of the worker. I do not know a single leader in the C. I. O. group who is animated by any such notion. Labor's chief job at the moment is to organize as rapidly as possible along the economic front. Politics will have to be shoved aside for the time being.

Quite obviously the drive in steel did take on the aspect of getting out votes for Roosevelt and proving to the workers that even though they lived in company towns some rights remained to them. The response was magnificent, and in cities like Weirton, Aliquippa, and Homestead big majorities were rolled up for Roosevelt. Does that solve the problem of the unorganized worker? It does not, but it is the beginning of wisdom. The worker who finds that he can go against the orders of the boss in the polling booth gets a sense of confidence and proceeds to vote his company union into alliance with the C. I. O.

It does not seem very likely that the forces at Tampa desire peace, and it seems to me that if the A. F. of L. wants peace it must agree to end all interference and potential interference with the drive for industrial unionism in steel and motors and rubber. As a matter of fact, the A. F. of L. has no savory reputation among the workers in these industries. The rank and file are not at all eager for any kind of compromise with Green and his lieutenants. They are looking for a new day and a new dispensation.

Nor is the tendency of the A. F. of L. to sabotage its own strikes limited to its activities, or lack of them, in mass-production industries. The American Newspaper Guild is new in the federation, but it has already experienced that sharp pang between the shoulder blades which comes when you are stabbed by one of your own crowd. In the hearing before the executive council of the A. F. of L. concerning the Seattle strike the guild representatives were made to feel that they were on trial, with Harvey Kelly of the Hearst management acting as special prosecutor.

Of course the Newspaper Guild is well aware that a recommendation from the executive council is a suggestion and nothing more. We know that we have the right to take it in whole or in part or to toss the whole thing out the window. But unfortunately the executive council hopes that here and there its niggling little plan may be construed as binding. It seeks to arrogate to itself new powers which it never dreamed of before, and delusions of grandeur dance happily in the minds of Messrs. Frey and Green.

One constitutional point may be solved by the time this article appears, but it seems to have been put in the path of William Green by some deity interested in ironical retribution. Mr. Green has two pressing engagements. Tampa is calling but so is the executive committee of the United Mine Workers of America, and it can hardly be questioned that this body has a right to discipline members if they are found guilty of working against the interests of the union to which they belong. Green is, of course, a member of the Miners' Union as well as president of the A. F. of L. But how can he sit as presiding officer at a convention of the A. F. of L. when his own union is under suspension and when in addition it has refused to pay its current per capita dues? William Green tried to cross these bridges by saying that he might go to Tampa as a delegate from the American Newspaper Guild since he is an editor of the *Federationist*. Experts on the guild constitution told President Green tersely that he could not use membership in the guild as a Tampa passport because the guild does not take in editors.

One thing about the present ruction does disturb me. Newspapers are just beginning to wake up to the fact that labor is news, and now Tampa will offer them no such rich mine of material as did Atlantic City. After all, Hutcheson is not going to get punched in the jaw and knocked down every year, more's the pity, and Lewis will not be on hand to attend to that part of the entertainment furnished the visiting reporters. A reporter who stood close at hand when the blow was struck tells me that the right hand of Lewis toppled not only mighty Hutcheson but also six other carpenters who were sitting nearby at a table on the convention floor.

Perhaps I am in error in the belief that the press of America has just begun to wake up to the importance of labor news in the general scheme of things. Immediately after the election Captain Patterson of the New York *Daily News* and J. David Stern of the Philadelphia *Record* arraigned their fellow-publishers for having alienated the public by unfair use of the news columns in the campaign. But *Editor and Publisher,* which speaks unofficially as an organ for the publishers, minimizes this sort of self-criticism. In speaking of the newspaper campaign against the President it says, "It is undeniable that some of them far overstepped the elastic limits of partisanship in their fight against him." What does *Editor and Publisher* purpose to do about it? Its advice is contained in a much later paragraph and runs, "The wars are over, and it is not good for any or all newspapers to break down public confidence by emphatic charges that the backers of the loser were conscious and willing servants of interests hostile to the public good."

In other words, freedom of the press means that you can assail the President of the United States to your heart's content but you may not speak ill of a newspaper editor. That's not liberty. That's license.

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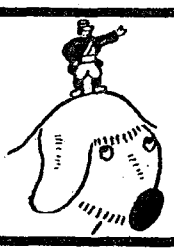

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GOOD JOKES AND BAD

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SOME years ago Anthony Ludovici looked at animals and concluded in one of the best-known books on the subject that the essence of humor is a veiled aggression. Max Eastman starts out by looking at babies instead, and reaches the nearly opposite conclusion that the ultimate source of humor is not enmity but playfulness.* We show our teeth when we hear what Pat said to Mike not because we are snarling our sense of superiority but because, like the infant to whom something is offered and then playfully snatched away, we adapt ourselves playfully to the trick which has been played when we are led to expect one meaning and get another instead. Of the famous story of the porter who announced himself with the words "I am the Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company," he says: "People with a violent prejudice against 'coons' will, I suppose, imagine that their comic pleasure lies in scorning the Negro in this picture. People whose prejudices, abetted by their financial experiences, lie rather against the Kuhns, will be equally sure they are deriding the banker. People who possess the gift of humorous laughter will know that what they are doing is enjoying a joke."

Any attempt to summarize in brief form a theory as well elaborated as the one Mr. Eastman proposes is bound to do it a good deal less than justice, but perhaps the joke just cited will offer as good an opportunity for analysis as any other of the hundreds upon which he comments. He does not, if I understand him aright, deny that the joke is complicated and enriched by the aggressive element which may exist in the reaction of specific individuals to it. Neither does he deny that other humorous anecdotes are similarly complicated and enriched by those sly eludings of the inward censorship against obscenity which Freud tries to make the essence of humor. What he is insisting upon is that the *sine qua non* of a joke is the playfulness, that though one may be shown to exist without aggressiveness or impropriety, neither aggressiveness nor impropriety can be funny unless the playfulness is there. However frequently they may recur, the humor never consists in either in itself but always in the fact that we accept one or both playfully.

Most of the specimen jokes which Mr. Eastman analyzes are good and therefore complicated. Since nearly all provide several sources of pleasure, the vast majority might be cited to support one of the theories he is arguing against almost as well as they support the one he is arguing for—just as, incidentally, most of the great masterpieces of literature can be used to illustrate almost any theory of aesthetics for the simple reason that most literary masterpieces are so rich that, to some degree, they exhibit nearly every quality which has at any time been singled out as the indispensable one. To say this is to indicate not only that the problem of humor is a problem in aesthetics but also that the value of a good book on humor, like the value of a good book of literary criticism, does not depend so much upon the absolute, demonstrable, and exclusive truth of the theory underlying it as upon the extent to which the author is led to illumine his subject in the course of his argument.

By that test Mr. Eastman's book is certainly one of the best ever written. Somewhere he remarks that none of the works which discuss the essence of humor ever provide any means of distinguishing good jokes from bad, and one is again reminded of treatises on aesthetics, which so commonly demonstrate that the essence of literary worth is social passion on the one hand or wish-fulfilment on the other without giving any indication that the author is even aware that Tolstoy is better than Charles G. Norris or Stendhal better than any hack with an Oedipus complex. Mr. Eastman has the indispensable thing called taste. He knows a good joke from a bad one, and the important thing is not that he also has a theory to explain this knowledge but that he leads one on to the enjoyment of good jokes as a good critic of poetry leads one on to the enjoyment of good poetry. To read him is to be made hungry for humor; and to that extent he is surely incomparably superior to Ludovici and Bergson, as well as to Freud—whether he is more nearly right or not.

Having said that—and it is so much the most important thing that nothing else really matters very much—I should like to add that Mr. Eastman does not quite do justice to either the indecency theory or the superiority theory, which ultimately come down to the same thing. Whatever the essential, primitive, or infantile basis of humor may be, and however fundamentally the *technique* of humor may depend upon the playful surprise, the fact remains that in an overwhelming proportion of modern instances that technique is employed for the purpose of achieving a sense of inward superiority to a person or an idea. To laugh at an indecent word or at the physical or even intellectual discomfiture of another is a very crude form of humor. To rise superior to a prejudice, a stupidity, or a taboo is probably the very highest; and though Mr. Eastman is right in denying that the best jokes are even usually jokes at the expense of somebody, they are usually at the expense of our common human nature, which submits to the commands of tradition or sentiment or morality but is filled with a glorious sense of the free

*"The Enjoyment of Laughter." By Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

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man's superiority when a witticism flies in the face of an untruth in which we have felt compelled to aquiesce.

It is true that Mr. Eastman has on his side Aristotle, with his definition of the comic as "some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive"; Kant's "the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing"; and Lincoln, who, as I did not know before, either adopted or reinvented Figaro's motto in the form, "I laugh because I must not cry—that's all, that's all." On the other side is Hobbes with his definition of laughter as "a sudden glory [that is, "glorying" or "exultation"] in the soul." Mr. Eastman resists it in part because it suggests a certain brutality, because he is sure that in himself the humorous is the antithesis of the cruel. But humor may be what cruelty turned into, and for that very reason the most humorous people may be the ones least given to cruelty.

I still believe that "sudden glory" is the best description of the humorous experience, and that leads me to suggest that I should like to read a book on humor which took its point of departure not from the things which cause us to laugh but from the inward character of the laughing process. We should then have something analogous to the aesthetic studies which begin not with works of art but with the aesthetic experience, and it might be discovered that the unity of the subject lies rather in the nature of what we feel when we are amused than in the various ways in which the feeling of amusement can be provoked.

BOOKS

Russian Style

BITTER VICTORY. By Louis Guilloux. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

APPARENTLY this novel began with the notion of tracing on a grand scale, by means of the *unanimiste* technique, the moral and psychological degradation of a whole community in provincial France in the third year of the World War. Such a scheme is promised in the opening chapters, in which we are introduced in rapid order to a fair assortment of local worthies gathered to do honor to a deputy's wife on her receipt of the Legion of Honor. There is a dull-witted general surrounded by appreciative female Boche-haters; there is a pompous little schoolmaster who has composed a poem for the occasion without realizing that his son has just been reported dead; and there is the extraordinary character known as Cripure. Everything points to the sort of exhaustive penetration into all the currents and cross-currents of a given social microcosm that we have been led to expect from the publisher's description and from the information that the author is a member of the revolutionary wing of recent French letters. A little later on, in a scene describing a mutiny of troops leaving for the front, we are given further reason for such an expectation. But we do not reckon sufficiently with the character known as Cripure. From the first it is evident that he is to be important, either as a contrast or as a sardonic commentator on events, but it is hardly to be guessed that he is to overshadow and finally destroy the whole pattern of the book. This shift from the city to a single one of its inhabitants, from the social phenomenon to the personal trauma, occurs gradually through the central chapters; but when it is accomplished it is complete. And what we get from this point onward is less like a product of the red front than something by Pushkin or Dostoevski with a French setting. "Dead Souls," murmurs Cripure concerning his fellow-citizens, and the same resemblance seems to overwhelm his creator. Like the group of decadent roisterers in one of his most effective scenes, M. Guilloux throws himself very hard into the game called "playing the Russian novel."

For the truth is that it must be argued whether Cripure, who runs away with this book, has anything directly to do with what was evidently its original intention. He will undoubtedly be interpreted as an example of the modern intellectual rendered futile and absurd through his scorn of a society with which he has nothing in common. But turning from such a formula to the reality, we cannot but be struck by the fact that the source of all Cripure's troubles is extremely personal: it is reducible to something as unforeseen and irremediable as the enormous size of his feet. Presumably it was for this and similar reasons that his wife abandoned him—a tragedy in turn responsible for the uncompromisingly anti-social behavior which incurred for him his almost obscene nickname. It is not so much society as life itself that is the object of his resentment. At no moment are his scorn and hatred condensed into a definite criticism against the world around him. Like the gloomier Dostoevskian heroes, he accepts its conditions as part of the general bad deal of existence. Taken in this light, he is of course a strange irrelevance in a work whose obvious implications are that society is responsible for most human ills and sufferings, including those connected with war. To account for him, one can only conclude that in the final test M. Guilloux was more absorbed by the idiosyncrasies of character than by the logic of a thesis. He would therefore offer us a remarkable instance of life triumphing over theory in the mind of a writer within the pages of his own book.

Cripure, with his spectacles and his acromegalic feet, with his devotion to Kant and the slatternly earth goddess with whom he has cast his lot, is one of the richest creations in recent French literature. If it is not quite Dostoevski, it is at least an excellent French imitation. But there is too much of him before the end, and the novel is perhaps a hundred or more pages too long. It never recovers from the central dislocation of its structure. It suffers throughout from a repetitiousness of situation and a general poverty of invention. Guilloux will write a more satisfying book when he learns how to subordinate his considerable gift for individual portraiture to some of the other demands of the novel form.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Putnam has marred an otherwise able translation by American slang words and colloquialisms which have the effect of setting up associations which are either jarring or quite inappropriate for the background.

WILLIAM TROY

The Perfect Dilettante

MOVERS AND SHAKERS. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

THE third volume of Mrs. Luhan's "Intimate Memories" is no less intimate and no less "infuriatingly readable" than the other two. This book covers the years 1913 to 1917, from the day when the then Mabel Dodge sent her husband packing—as eventually she sent all her gentlemen packing—to the day four years later when she dispatched Maurice Sterne

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to Santa Fé and began to have visions of a dark Indian face "with wide-apart eyes that stared at me with a strong look, intense and calm" (mysterious glimpse out of the future of Mr. Luhan). In those days of the "salon" at 23 Fifth Avenue Mrs. Luhan counted among her friends and acquaintances persons whose names are now familiar words among the literati. The list, indeed, reads like a Who's Who of the liberal and radical movement and the more liberal world of art, not only of twenty years ago but of today. It includes among many others Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, John Collier, all the Duncans, Walter Lippmann, Eugene O'Neill, Boardman Robinson, Alfred Stieglitz, Leo and Gertrude Stein, Lincoln Steffens, Frank Tannenbaum, George Sylvester Viereck, Carl Van Vechten, Helen Westley, William Haywood, Max Eastman, and of course John Reed and Maurice Sterne.

In the midst of these diverse groups Mabel Dodge moved like an irresponsible fairy godmother, dispensing cold turkey and conversation, engaging in deep, sophomoric discussions about art and the soul and a distressed world, making love, doing over houses, in short, looking for diversion. Her various houses were always full of guests, for an evening or for a month; her larder was evidently inexhaustible; her excitements, whether of ecstasy or despair, were constant. And if she ever had a conviction or an idea, she has neglected to mention it in her copious recollections. "I just switched on one viewpoint and switched off another; I have often thought that hardly anyone I knew would recognize me if I were overheard talking to any of the others!"

It is impossible to believe that Mrs. Luhan would have functioned as a patron of art and ideas in any age but our own, which accepts the fact of wealth and therefore power without duty. She was unattached—by law, by temperament, and by an independent fortune. Tolerance was the mode; therefore her husbands and lovers made no complaint—or almost none—when she tired of them. Although she was the mother of a son, she felt, and was asked to feel, no responsibility to anyone. Although she accepted men when she wished and kept them if she liked, she maintained her amateur standing and suffered no social censure thereby. She was a free agent, and by the standards of any time—except perhaps this one—completely immoral, not because her sexual relations were irregular but because her nature admitted of no obligation except the temporary satisfaction of her own extraordinary ego. Her friends often found her generous and sympathetic; but fundamentally her generosity and sympathy were less for their sake than for hers.

If this is a harsh picture, Mrs. Luhan paints it with her own hands. Perhaps she even realizes its harshness, for of her relationship with Maurice Sterne at one point she says: "Alas, poor Maurice! How sorry I am when I remember it all! . . . I was always afraid he was not *noble* enough for me! Heavens!" Yet in spite of all this, her book is interesting. It may be the perennial entertainment of gossip, particularly about familiar persons. It is at least partly the quotations—there are poems, innumerable letters, articles—notably a magnificent piece by John Reed printed in the old *Masses* about the Paterson silk strike. There is a picture of the radical movement of twenty-five years ago—in this case the activities of the I. W. W.—comparable in its triumphs and its defeats with the Communist movement today. There is the always moving spectacle of a powerful and energetic personality. There were, in short, plenty of reasons why Mrs. Luhan should not have been allowed to live as she did; but there are just as many reasons why she will be read.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

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Philosopher and Statesman

GENERAL SMUTS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

WITH this second volume Mrs. Millin completes her biography of one of the most influential figures in a major crisis of human history. Biographies fall into two main categories. In the first one finds the biographical essay whose author, brilliantly exemplified by Strachey, sums up and paraphrases those known facts of his subject's life which fit into his own interpretation, arrived at after supposedly exhaustive reading. In the second are those works which endeavor to assemble all essential available information. Laboring in this more difficult of the two vineyards Mrs. Millin has produced a book of permanent value to the student of world affairs and the student of personality. She believes Smuts is a very great man, yet she preserves an admirably impartial attitude toward him. "His character," she says, "is difficult, complex, and contradictory. His platitudes jostle his profundities. His cynicism laughs at his idealism. He is dependable and also incalculable."

This miscalled "handyman of empire," who fought the English in the Boer War, came tremendously to their aid in the World War, and, refusing a brilliant career in post-war England, returned home to face a half-hostile South Africa, has been as extravagantly vilified as praised. The idealists who applauded his plan for a League of Nations and his stand against the cruel terms of the peace, his belief voiced in a vengeance-mad world that harshness to the vanquished enemy might drag Europe to ruin, were subsequently alienated from him by various of his actions in South Africa. Negrophiles have denounced him for failing to give equal suffrage to the Kaffirs, and the Nationalists have denounced him for championing the Kaffirs. Labor has denounced his suppression of the Rand revolution. Mrs. Millin lays before us the facts which confronted Smuts. She posits him, very convincingly, as an idealist forced to arrive at decisions in a world of actualities against which he was often in violent revolt, but which nevertheless conditioned the steps he could take.

In the welter of opposing aims, rapacities, vengeances, and idealisms that accompanied the peacemaking, he displayed unusual insight and sometimes, like Wilson, was able to phrase his intuitions so eloquently as to sway the world. It is true that his definition of the British Empire as a Commonwealth of Nations partook of the resonant airiness of Wilson's "war to save democracy," yet a real change in dominion status grew out of his phrase. He observed, "Europe is being liquidated and the League of Nations must be the heir to the great estate," but he was unable to see that the economic as well as the political system of Europe was being liquidated. This failure defeated much of his splendid work, but it no more detracts from his stature than it detracts from Lincoln's to observe that he hadn't grasped the importance of the Communist Manifesto, issued years before he came to power. Within the world as he knew it and as the world knew itself, Smuts was one of the few men in high positions who acted with statesman-like insight and with the magnanimity of the truly great. He could even so far step out of the world as he knew it as to warn the Allies against intervention in Russia. The comments he made on Russia and Germany during the war are interesting to read today. "If I were a German statesman I would bear carefully in mind the wise old Bismarckian policy, and avoid making the Slav the future historic enemy of the Teuton."

The philosophy he calls "Holism" has brought him a num-

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ber of notable adherents, including Dr. Alfred Adler and Arnold Toynbee; Robert Bridges declared that his "Testament of Beauty" was an adumbration of the same thesis. Smuts believes the coordinating principle of the universe to be "an impulse toward wholeness that manifests itself in each individual by a power of development or evolution from within. . . . The summit of this new created and creative whole is human personality."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Democracy in Confusion

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS. By Max Ascoli. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

INTELLIGENCE is most easily defined as that quality which is supposed to be measured by intelligence tests. Politics is not easily defined at all. While definitions are often devices of escape from reality, they are indispensable to clarity of thought. A book named "Intelligence in Politics" from the pen of a distinguished social scientist entitles readers to anticipate some definition of terms and some critical analysis of the difficult problem of the role of rational thinking in the struggle for influence between power holders and power seekers. But Max Ascoli, professor of political philosophy at the New School for Social Research, has not addressed himself to this topic. He has instead written of the position of "intellectuals" in American "democracy," with both of these concepts left ambiguous. His book is brilliant and suggestive but also exasperating and disappointing.

Professor Ascoli is an Italian who still believes in liberalism. He writes with Continental grace and subtlety. But he feels little need to confine his flow of words within some framework of assumptions. What he has to say he says vividly and beautifully, but after the perfume of phrases and figures is gone, there remains doubt as to what has been said. His first chapter on the current bewilderment of intellectuals sparkles and glows with shrewd insights and pithy aphorisms. But the two hundred pages on American democracy which follow are cloudy, diffuse, almost Wagnerian. They wander about the ideological and sociological periphery of their subject, and seldom come to grips with it.

Democracy's "apparent meaninglessness may be the greatest element of its strength. . . . It is good for the greatest number that the intellectuals be lost in technical details or in the fogginess of generalizations. This deformation must be cleverly cultivated. . . . But in a democracy the final responsibility lies nowhere and with nobody. . . . There are no reasons why intellectuals as such should feel any particular loyalty toward any kind of political regime. . . . Intellectuals cannot direct politics in place of politicians. . . . Intelligence here has been prevented from falling into arrogance, and politics has not yet passed beyond the grasp of human control. In the country where all the promises and all the dangers of democracy seem to be impending, intelligence is still the force which may dispel the haziness of democratic politics by the awareness of its function and the responsibility of its freedom."

Therefore—? But a volume without a thesis and almost without a theme leads to no conclusions. Life today is turgid and confused. Belles-lettres are permitted to mirror these mists and shadows. But the intellectual who is also a social scientist should perhaps have a different goal. Professor Ascoli has enjoyed writing down his rambling thoughts in charming prose. Many persons will enjoy reading them. But of new wisdom there is little in these pages.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

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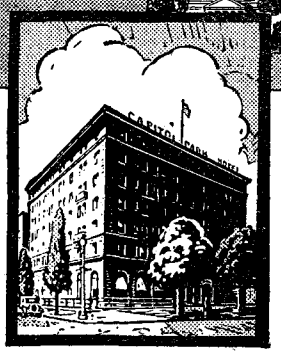

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DRAMA

Leslie Howard's Hamlet

IT WOULD be difficult to find two productions of "Hamlet" less alike than that with Mr. Gielgud at the Empire Theater and the new one with Leslie Howard just opened at the Imperial. I belong to the minority—by no means insignificant—which found the former a bitter disappointment, and I must say at once that whatever the defects of Mr. Howard's performance may be, his conception of the part is infinitely more satisfactory to me, and the whole play as he has directed it much closer to what I believe Shakespeare himself intended. That his supporting company is much better and the setting of his production less perversely eccentric, few I think will deny. In the end, therefore, any difference of opinion must come down to a difference concerning the merits of the two actors themselves and, even more importantly, concerning the dominant traits of Hamlet's own character.

To begin with, Mr. Howard is brooding and calm where Mr. Gielgud was frenetic. The worst that can be said of him is that he is somewhat deficient in power, and if one feels—as I do not—that Mr. Gielgud's almost feminine fits of hysteria are evidence of power, then he scores where Mr. Howard fails, for Hamlet is certainly, among other things, a powerful man. But Mr. Howard, on the other hand, is strong precisely where Mr. Gielgud is weak, and he brings to vivid life exactly those aspects of Hamlet's character which, in his rival's performance, simply do not exist. He is above all else the intellectual and the ironist, the tender and ingenious thinker, the man who exclaims, "Oh cursed spite that ever *I* was born to set it right," because he knows so clearly that it is his business not to do things but to consider them curiously. And one result is that those very scenes which in the Gielgud performance become almost meaningless—the mocking of Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with the recorders, Hamlet at the grave of Ophelia, and the rest—become the very center of the play.

I am not unaware that there has been in recent years a tendency to minimize the importance of "Hamlet's delay," to argue that his melancholy is merely a temporary cloud through which the resolution of a hero breaks through. That is essentially the contention of Dover Wilson, probably the most interesting of contemporary Shakespearean critics, and Mr. Howard has evidently read Wilson, since he says "too, too sullied" instead of the conventional "too, too solid flesh." But in the emphases on the character he has followed what seems to me the sounder tradition, which makes Hamlet's scruples and hesitations not the result of weakness but—however inappropriate they may be to the situation in which by "cursed spite" he now finds himself—the inevitable consequences of the virtues for which we love him. Looked at in any other way Hamlet becomes merely a lesser hero, an imperfect example of a type Shakespeare had portrayed in all its vigor in other plays, and it is impossible for me to believe that Shakespeare would have chosen a near-failure as the central character of his most lovingly elaborated play, or, for that matter, that such a man could have become the most-discussed and most-cherished of his creations. Hamlet's "weakness" consists only in the fact that he is too good and too subtle for the situation in which he finds himself, and if the intention was not to make that subtlety the essence of the character, then there is no point to

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the most fascinating and most often analyzed scenes in the play.

Has anyone, I wonder, ever pointed out that the comic characters contribute to the complex harmony of the whole because they are comic variations on, almost parodies of, Hamlet's own tendencies? Polonius's absurd verbal ingenuities parallel Hamlet's poetic ones, and his scrupulously empty parentheses correspond to things like the hero's "at least I'm sure 'tis so in Denmark." In the same way the gravedigger's mortuary humor is a burlesque analogue not only to Hamlet's "imperial Caesar" but also to the whole of his grim humor as expressed in such speeches as that about nosing "him as you go up the stairs." If it were not so, these comic characters would be dissonances; since it is so, the fact indicates that Shakespeare, seeing Hamlet's intellectual subtlety as the theme of the play, chose it also for variations in his scherzos.

I said in the beginning that Mr. Howard's chief defect was probably a lack of sufficient power. That does not mean that he is weak, for he is not. It means only that the best of him is seen in the more ironical passages, and much the same may be said of the fact that his speech, though clear and musical, does not soar as it might; as a result one gets more of Hamlet's sublety and charm than one does of his elevation. There are I fear, no perfect Hamlets, but Mr. Howard is an extremely interesting one set down in the midst of a very beautifully staged production and surrounded by a very competent company. Pamela Stanley's tense and yet graceful Ophelia is especially noteworthy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

The Infected World

IT SEEMS to be settled that we shall hear no more than half the text of any play by Shakespeare which wanders into the movies. Doubtless I exaggerate; the fraction may be two-thirds, or even three-fourths. But in the case of "As You Like It" (Twentieth Century-Fox) it does appear that about half of the effective words are missing, and at any rate it has become clear by now that we must accustom ourselves as best we can to an all-but-mortal surgery; noting as we pass that even when the heart has been cut out and thrown away a remarkable amount of life remains in the other members. The question, of course, is not whether the text as such is sacred. For movie purposes it certainly is not. The question is whether the whole of Shakespeare's effect in a given play can somehow be preserved on the screen; and whether, when his own verbal means to this end are perhaps not practicable, any other means are available, or so far have shown themselves to be available. If half of "As You Like It" is missing, as I think it is, the specific question then is whether anything takes its place; and if nothing does, whether it is conceivable that in some future production something should.

What is missing? Merely the heart, I think. Rosalind is here in the person of Elisabeth Bergner, and very charmingly so; but Rosalind is not the heart of "As You Like It." Neither is any other individual man or woman—Touchstone or Jaques or Audrey or Oliver or Orlando. All of them are necessary, and the ruthlessness with which these others have been trimmed away is a reminder of their value as individuals. But at the

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heart of the comedy, as indeed befits all comedy, there is an operation of the intellect, and it is this that beats so faintly in the film if it beats at all. The play is a complete expression of a sentiment; with emphasis upon the word complete. The rarity of such a thing indicates that it must be difficult. One would say, except for the fact that Shakespeare did it, that it was impossible. He did it, as a matter of fact, with an ease so delightful and deceptive that many of his admirers, including I should say Paul Czinner, the producer and director of this film, have never been conscious of its having been done at all.

The sentiment in question is the pastoral sentiment. Shakespeare has understood and stated it completely. This can mean either that he is never serious or that he is always serious; and it certainly means that no single speech exists for its own sake, or should be spoken as if it alone contained the "meaning" of the play. Leon Quartermaine as Jaques speaks the famous lines about man's seven ages so clearly and well that the audience breaks into applause, as if *now* they had it. But it isn't there, any more than it is in Jaques's boast (missing) that, given leave to speak his mind, he will "through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world"; or in his remark (missing), when at the end of the play he sees all the marriages about to take place, that "there is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark"; or in his proud sighs (all missing) as he contemplates the richness and uniqueness of his melancholy. I am not trying to show that Jaques is the heart of "As You Like It." His exquisite humbuggery is merely one of the means by which Shakespeare attained his end—one of the best means, of course, since Jaques almost understands himself. But only one; and most of him has been thrown away. Another one is Touchstone, most of whom also is missing, so that we do not see him as the dry mind which he is: rationally critical of the country into which he has strayed and yet ridiculously out of place in it, and almost, though not quite, recognizing his irrelevance, just as Jaques never quite confesses his sentimentalism.

Through these and the other persons of the play, including the witty Rosalind and the sluttish Audrey, Shakespeare has achieved an analysis of the pastoral sentiment so searching that in the end we have both no illusions about it whatever and all the illusions which it is possible to have. The Forest of Arden emerges as the perfect and permanent symbol of that simple existence which if we could live it would purge the world of its infections; and at the same time we know that we shall never be able so to live, or even to desire that anyone should. In other words, the Forest of Arden is left where it belongs, in the mind—where, in fact, Charles the wrestler puts it at the beginning of the play when he is asked where the old duke lives. "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." The point about this speech is not merely that it is very pretty; it is witty, too, as Shakespeare hinted by putting it smilingly into the unregenerate mouth of this great bruiser.

The heart of the play being gone, and its brain, we do have left, as I have said, a very nice Rosalind in Elisabeth Bergner. She is worth going a long way to see, and indeed the fragment of the play which has been photographed is in itself delightful. As for the questions I began with, I confess now that I cannot guess their answers. They must wait until we have a genius of the films who understands his medium as well as Shakespeare did his. And what he will do no one at present, naturally, is genius enough to predict.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

The Case of Jerome Davis

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of October 31 on the reappointment of Professor Jerome Davis achieves so vicious a distortion of the truth that immediate protest is called for. I will not dwell on your detailed misstatements of fact, though there are enough of them to make one wonder how carefully you checked your infomation.

For example, President Angell was not "questioned on the Davis case" at the time the first news stories appeared, as you asserted; and he did not say it was "purely a financial matter." His only word to the press was a written statement, which was garbled by the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times* but which was published in full by the New Haven *Journal-Courier,* October 22, 1936, and by the Yale *Alumni Weekly,* October 30, 1936. It is worth reading. . . .

But the main fault of your comment is not inaccurate reporting. It is reckless disregard for both fairness and plain decency. You deliberately convey the impression that President Angell is primarily responsible for the termination of Mr. Davis's appointment. The fact is that responsibility rests primarily with Mr. Davis's colleagues, the professors of the Divinity School, a majority of whom have repeatedly judged his work not to justify promotion to professorial rank; and with the majority of the corporation, who last February declined to reappoint him for three years, as recommended by the Divinity School, but instead reappointed him only until June 30, 1937. Those acquainted with the situation at close range will recognize that your last two sentences convey an unqualified falsehood. That falsehood you have tried to sustain by quoted bits from "a conversation reported by Mr. Davis," of which you know nothing except what he has told you; and from letters which cannot be interpreted fairly except in the light of information which you do not have. In particular, the letter which you quote as a climax is one which no fair-minded and well-informed person would have used as you have used it, to the confusion of innocent readers who trust *The Nation* in this as in other matters.

What your editorial has done, in short, is not to further the cause of truth and justice but to show in this case a deplorable lack of concern for both.

ROBERT L. CALHOUN
Professor of Historical Theology,
Yale Divinity School

New Haven, Conn., October 31

[*Professor Calhoun's letter was forwarded to the Committee on Academic Freedom in the Colleges of the American Federation of Teachers, which is handling Professor Davis's case. Professor S. Ralph Harlow of Smith College replied for the committee.*]

Dear Sirs: Professor Calhoun's letter renders a real service by making clear to *Nation* readers that the Divinity School faculty and the Yale Corporation should share with President Angell the public censure incident upon the discharge of Dr. Jerome Davis. That President Angell was by no means guiltless, in fact, that he assumed a leading role in the case, is suggested by the recital of incidents in *The Nation* and by the record of the case in the *New Republic. The Nation* was well advised in stressing the letter in which President Angell terms Jerome Davis "an increasing nuisance," since this letter was read to faculty members of the Yale Divinity School just before they voted on the question of a permanent appointment for Davis. The errors of fact which marred *The Nation's* account were corrected by Mr. Davis in last week's issue.

A memorial signed by Professor Calhoun and ten of his colleagues on May 6, 1936, terms the action of the president and fellows of the Yale Corporation "an injustice to Professor Davis and an action which will prove very injurious to the Divinity School." The memorial asks reversal of the corporation's action "before irreparable damage has been done." This protest was followed by a second appeal of the Board of Permanent Officers of the Divinity School to continue Davis's contract at Yale. An overwhelming majority of the faculty and students of the Divinity School have urged Davis's retention. Their requests have gone unheeded by the President and the corporation.

The execution of Jerome Davis was not a simple act. Dr. Calhoun has stated the superficial facts: The full professors of the Divinity School failed to recommend promotion, and the Yale Corporation in the interest of economy decided to eliminate the "marginal person" who had not met the test of his peers. What he omits is the active hostility of trustees and major executive officers of the university, brought on by Davis's lectures and writings, which upset the complacency of the Divinity School campus and made almost inevitable the final decision. It was not accidental that the President was moved from time to time to write that "our friend [Jerome Davis] seems to have broken out in a new direction" or that "Jerome is becoming an increasing nuisance." In 1933 Professor Douglas Macintosh of the Divinity School asserted that "when the promotion of Professor Jerome Davis was being considered . . . Dean Weigle stated that the Yale Corporation was opposed to his promotion to the full professorship, that it was also reported that no one in Yale was going to be promoted to the full professorship that year, and that if the Divinity School faculty voted for his promotion, the Provost would take the floor of the corporation against him. This vitally affected the action which was taken at that time." Or note the circumstances in 1936 as reported by Professor Macintosh: "The Dean . . . urged us not to ask for promotion, giving as his reason that the President and the Provost would not support such a recommendation and that the President had said the corporation would not promote Mr. Davis. . . . I . . . protested that we were being confronted with what amounted to a *fait accompli* and that it was unfair to keep us in this way from considering the case freely and on its merits from our own point of view."

Once the Dean of the Divinity School had obtained votes against permanent appointment for Davis, the rest was easy. The President and Fellows of the Corporation, in the interest of economy, failed to renew the appointment for the usual three-year period and instead terminated it at the close of one year. Yale is now seeking to obtain a successor for the endowed chair which Davis has occupied.

No telescoped statement of the Davis case can be adequate. We shall undoubtedly have in due course careful reports on the case from responsible agencies.

S. RALPH HARLOW,
Smith College

Northampton, Mass., November 5

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Answering Mr. Broun

Dear Sirs: Heywood Broun in his Thomas-baiting column in this week's *Nation* calls on the Socialist candidate to curb the powerful "red-baiting" elements in his party and to speak out for industrial unionism more strongly than he has so far spoken.

I find it puzzling that Mr. Broun should single out Thomas, of the three candidates he discusses, to receive such advice, since he is the only one of the three for whom it is gratuitous. Thomas has spoken out unequivocally for industrial unionism. He did so in his speech at the Manhattan Opera House on September 8, to mention only one instance. He has been also the outspoken enemy of red-baiting both in the Socialist Party and elsewhere. It was in fact his stand against the red-baiting of right-wing members of the party, his insistence on debating with Browder, and his willingness to consider cooperation on certain issues with the Communists that led to the present split in the party. A large number of the right-wing Socialists who insisted on disciplining Mr. Thomas for this stand are now in the ranks of the American Labor Party. Moreover, Thomas is the only one of the three candidates facetiously discussed by Mr. Broun who raised his voice against red-baiting and in defense of civil liberties in connection with the outrageous attacks on Earl Browder at Terre Haute and Tampa. If Mr. Roosevelt or any prominent members of the American Labor Party did as much and if they were any more backward in repudiating Communist support and Communist sympathies than the Milwaukee Socialist Mr. Broun mentions, these news items have escaped me. Nor was it Mr. Roosevelt or the members of the American Labor Party who dared anti-red terrorism in Arkansas in the fight for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

The powerful red-baiting forces in Mr. Thomas's party seem to be mightily disturbing to Mr. Broun. He might more profitably worry about some of the powerful reactionary elements that helped swell Roosevelt's plurality, particularly in the anti-red, anti-Negro, and anti-labor South. He might also more reasonably worry a little about those red-baiting elements that left the Socialist Party to join the American Labor Party.

MARTHA GRUENING

New York, November 6

Dear Sirs: I congratulate Mr. Broun upon his generous concession that Norman Thomas as President would do more for labor than Alf Landon. I also applaud his attack—in his Socialist-baiting article in *The Nation* of November 7—upon Communist-baiters.

Broun sure is on his toes. Now that F. D. R., Working Class Leader No. 1, has lost his title of Labor's Enemy No. 1, Broun will any day now nominate either Norman Thomas or Dan Hoan for the honor.

Whatever you do, Heywood, we Socialists will never shoot you as the Communists once promised to do. Your great contribution to the labor movement makes you a friend of the Socialist Party no matter what your personal pique may be. No, we won't shoot you. We'll merely sentence you to read some of Thomas's nation-wide speeches on industrial unionism which you overlooked during the campaign in your enthusiasm for Roosevelt.

ISADORE FRIED

New York, November 7

Mr. Broun's Reply

Dear Sirs: My critics inform *The Nation* that Norman Thomas has made several speeches in favor of industrial unionism. So has William Green. No man can effectively support the drive for industrial unionism without coming out wholeheartedly for the C. I. O. and against the present position of the A. F. of L. Possibly Mr. Thomas has done so. His speeches are not adequately reported in the American press. All I can say is that the name of Mr. Thomas was never mentioned at the recent C. I. O. meeting in Pittsburgh. If Mr. Thomas is lending support, I think he ought to notify John L. Lewis, the chairman of the committee.

When Governor Landon got himself on a hook by his labor attitude in his acceptance speech, Mr. Thomas sent him some mild questions which enabled him to wriggle off. When the Republicans started a red drive by asserting that the Communists were supporting Roosevelt under orders from Moscow, Mr. Thomas chimed in and said that the charge was true. When even the principle of social security was endangered by the dog-tag attack, Mr. Thomas's name appeared in the newspapers just across the page from the speech by John D. M. Hamilton. I am aware that Mr. Thomas was attacking a highly imperfect measure from the left. But I still maintain that even radicals should admit the existence of a thing called timing.

The record of Norman Thomas in the election of 1936 is one of ineptitude.

HEYWOOD BROUN

New York, November 10

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER'S cable from Madrid gives proof that, with bombs bursting in air, our correspondent is still there. He will continue as long as possible to send weekly reports of the siege.

SIDNEY WEBB, one of the founders of the Fabian movement in England and the outstanding historian of trade unionism, published last spring, in collaboration with his wife, Beatrice Webb, "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?" The result of many years of study and personal observation, this book is the definitive work on the economic, social, and political structure of the Soviet Union.

STUART CHASE, author of "Government in Business" and of the recently published study of our natural resources, "Rich Land, Poor Land," is an economist who has kept closely in touch with the activities of the New Deal. He last appeared in *The Nation* with a series of articles on the TVA.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD, whose second novel, "Personal Combat," has just been published, is a feature writer for the *World-Telegram.* He has been gathering material on rackets of various kinds, some of which he used as the basis for an article on the used-car dealers published recently by *The Nation.*

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic for *The Nation,* is now a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917" and "The Nazi Dictatorship," is on the political-science faculty of the University of Chicago. He is spending this year, on leave from Chicago, as visiting lecturer on political science at Williams College.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life" and other novels, has appeared frequently as literary critic in *The Nation.*

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